

# THE MONITOR:

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## THE LORD'S CHAMBER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE," "GRAPES AND THORNS," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

"The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

A NEW-ENGLAND poet, tired of city life, where he drooped like a wild flower in a heated room, sought for some place where he could spend at least a part of the year alone with nature, or as nearly alone as he might with a daughter, and certain comforts of civilized life, without which even the most rural poet might not find it easy to be poetical.

Solitude is not hard to find in New-England, and Mr. Danese soon settled upon his summer residence. It was a rocky point extending into the Atlantic, and separated from the mainland by a belt of pine-woods. No carriage had ever passed through these woods, there was no road in sight of them, but only lovely wood-paths wandering as if the sole aim of the passenger were to spend an hour in those pensive shades, without a wish to arrive at any but mental conclusions. The soil over the rock was only enough to produce a short, thick grass, plenty of May-flowers and May-weed, and countless frail and tiny blossoms that not one person in a hundred looks at, and not one in a thousand knows the names of. How the straggling fringe of trees that edged the northern side of the point, and the few large pines that had, apparently, stepped out into the open space to look seaward, and would presently step back among their fellows—how these contrived to hold themselves upright is best known to themselves.

The rock was always coming up—here in a huge boulder that had a slim birch-tree leaning over it, there, in a smooth ledge that was but thinly carpeted with moss, flowers, and tiny vines, and

again in a convenient seat just where you might like to rest. Large broken rocks lay all about the shore, where, in stormy weather, the sea dashed itself in foam, and in calm sunshine beat softly, like the heart of one who sleeps and is at peace.

Bleak and bare, do you say? To one who has loving eyes for nature, no; and this poet was not only a lover, but a delicate one. He did not care that his mistress should be too lavish of her fondness. He liked to seek her, and to woo before winning, and to him the place was full of beauty. To his educated eyes the lichens were more exquisite than the most exquisite embroideries done by woman's fingers, and the small flowers were as charming as fairies; and when the sea and sky met in a storm of inky shadows and of ghostlike foam, with a noise of thunder and of irresistible winds, or when they were caught in a conflagration of red and gold as the sun burst forth, it seemed to him that the chords of his soul would break with that stress of delight, as the chords of an earthly harp might snap were Apollo to strike them with his hand.

Seeing the place first when a spring gale had piled it round with a wall of waves and spray, the poet named it at once Foamy Point. He bought the land and built a rustic house there, a house sincerely rustic, not with roughness nailed or glued on, and he came every year to bathe his soul and body in the quiet of the place.

Foamy Point was not out of the world. Not more than a mile inland was the town of Canning, a large village fast on its way to be a city. A picturesque river, all turns and lovely surprises, and a rocky cliff that thrust itself in among the streets in the most romantically inconvenient way, took off the commonplace look of an ordinary thriving village, and made the place so beautiful that it attracted the attention of not a few summer tourists. Now and then these visitors wandered as far as the pines of Foamy Point, and passed under the dusky branches; but when they saw what lay beyond, few even of the boldest ventured farther. For in many little ways the family had so taken possession of the whole of their domain that entering it uninvited would have seemed an impertinence. An arm-chair under a tree, with papers and magazines lying on the grass beside it; a long, deep sofa with a pile of cushions at one end, where the imprint of a head was still visible; a tea-table set out in the shadow of the rock with its over-leaning birch-tree; or a slim, elderly man standing rapt, with his white hands clasped behind him, and his eyes fixed on wave or cloud—all these made the place look more like a drawing-room than an out-door scene.

Sometimes, usually at morning or evening, a young woman might have been seen walking with this gentleman, her hand resting on his arm with a caressing rather than a leaning pressure; or they sat on the rocks and looked at the sea, or the sunset, or

searched for a new moon that they knew must be hanging a curved thread of trembling light in the clouds of the west. Now and then, but rarely, a third person appeared. They seldom invited company; for Clara Danese loved solitude almost as well as her father did.

Their sole visitors from the town were the clergyman and the doctor. Mr. Danese always made friends with the local representatives of these two professions wherever he went; for he was frail of body and pious of soul, and the sun of life never shone so brightly for him but he saw beyond its beams the starlit shades of death.

With alternations, then, of city life and this pleasant solitude, several years went by. And then the poet died, and left his daughter to another kind of solitude. She had two brothers, but they were both married and had homes of their own, and she was but little in sympathy with their wives. She had, moreover, a host of acquaintances; but even thus early in life she had learned, partly from her father, whose over-sensitive nature felt keenly every slightest wound, partly from her own sensitive intuitions, that there is a world of difference between an acquaintance and a friend. When, therefore, she lost him who was her unfailing sympathizer and her occupation, she felt herself desolate. She could not live alone, yet there was no one with whom she wished to live.

Mr. Danese had died in the city, in early spring, and his daughter lingered yet a few months in the house that had been her home from early childhood, trying to decide where she should find a new home among those offered her.

"I am so glad that he did not die at Foamy Point," she said to herself. "For if he had, I should never have wished to go there again; and I mean to go this summer. But what company can I have that will not seem to desecrate the spot? I do not want to hear laughter and gay voices where my dear father used to love silence."

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## CHAPTER II.—"POOR NED."

CLARA DANESE was not beautiful in face, but she produced the effect of beauty; for her expression was lovely, her figure noble and graceful, she was always prettily dressed, and had the softest and most womanly ways imaginable. Her constant care of a half invalid father had given her an air of gentle kindness that was very fascinating; and when, on some expression or intimation of suffering, her eyes, that only brushed with a light glance the person she spoke to, dropped, so unconsciously full of tender solicitude, on the speaker, it would have been an insensible heart that could have resisted her.

Her intercourse had been less with those of her own age than with such people as her father liked to have about him—elderly men, scholars, and authors. He did not often invite young authors, having but little taste for modern literature. Among such associates the daughter moved with tranquil pleasure, and a confidence that was never betrayed. She was seldom gay, but always cheerful, and she gave the impression of a person across the clear mirror of whose mind no dark or forbidding image had ever passed. The proud seriousness, the cordiality, the gentle playfulness, all were crystalline.

"She always cheers and elevates my mood," one of their frequent visitors said. "She has the rare tact of at once sympathizing with and making light of one's troubles."

But the pleasant circle was now broken up, and she who had been like a providence to others was now looking in search of a providence for herself.

One day the providence she looked for came to her aid.

She was sitting alone in her father's study trying to plan. It was one of the first days of May, and the windows were open; yet a tiny flicker of fire showed in the grate. Grief is always chilly. Besides, her father had liked to have a fire there to look at and burn his waste papers in, even when the weather was quite warm. Soon as she could decide on her future the house would be dismantled, and sold or let. The books would be stored away that had for years been laid on those familiar shelves, viewed by the loving eyes of their owner, taken down and replaced by his delicate, frail hands—how well she remembered! The furniture—she did not know where it would go. The house and its contents were all hers; but already her brother Charles had asked for a certain secretary, and Edward's wife was begging for the fine old sideboard. It seemed to her that she could not let them go to anyone else—that she would sooner have them destroyed than used and touched by unloving hands. They were all steeped through by the warmth and the breath of her loved and lost ones. Smiles and tears had shone and dropped over them, and passed into the impossibility of death almost touching them. It was hard, and the mourner forgot all but grief as she thought of it.

Happy they who have not suffered the breaking up of their childhood's home! It is like shipwreck. The planks part beneath us, the salt waters rise—all seems over. We find no foothold for a strange new life, with that old life, which seemed as stable as the hills, snatched away. There is no other grief so confounding.

Clara Danese was weeping bitterly when she heard the door-bell ring. It could be no one but Charles or Edward so early in the morning; and they, dear boys! must not find her weeping. She hastily dried her eyes and turned her back to the light. The door opened, and her brother Edward came in.



Edward Danese was still young—not more than thirty-five years of age; but the fatigues of business, and, probably, some little domestic disappointments, had graven lines in advance of time, and given already a light powder of white to his brown hair. It was only when talking or listening to the talk of someone pleasing to him that he looked youthful. Then his smile and the sparkling of his eyes were almost boyish. He was delicate and full of enthusiasm—delicate in frame, too, and much like his father in character.

His sister met him with a kiss. He was her favourite brother, and her love for him was constantly fanned by the sighs of compassion. In her own mind, when she thought of him, he was always "poor Edward;" but she took good care not to call him so aloud.

"I am so glad you are come, Edward," she said; "for alone I can decide on nothing. The more I think of the matter the less inclined I become to go either to you or to Charles. I need company, but at the same time I must have a sort of independence. You will not think me unkind?"

"On the contrary, I quite understand," the brother replied, but dropped his eyes as he spoke. However disappointed he might have been, he was too loyal a husband to say a word in blame of his wife. "You have been so long the mistress of father's house that it would be too hard for you to give up all authority. But I have come to propose something that will, perhaps, suit you. Sit down, now, and I will tell you about it."

They seated themselves before the softly flickering fire, and Mr. Danese laid his hand on the arm of his sister's chair while he spoke.

"You remember Aunt Marian, Clara? You were sixteen years old when she made her last visit to the north. Well, they have had all sorts of troubles lately. I had indirect news from them yesterday, and it seems they have lost their last farthing. Anne is well married; but Aunt Marian and Francis are actually homeless. Francis was about going to Europe to study architecture there. He is to be an architect, you know. They say he has great talent. But this will, of course, prevent his going. The letter I had describes their case as desperate. They are too proud to ask relief, and they are living in the very poorest way. Now, it has occurred to me that you might ask them to spend the summer with you at Foamy Point, and afterwards make some arrangement with Aunt Marian to give her a home for her company. She is very pleasant and cultivated, and I am sure that you and she would get on well together. What do you think of it?"

When he began the story, Clara laid a light hand on his that rested on the arm of her chair, and uttered a soft "Oh, Ned!" but without stopping him. When he had ended, she broke in

eagerly: "It is just the thing, Ned! I should be delighted, if I were not so sorry for poor Aunt Marian. I will write her at once. They shall stay with me all summer, and in the fall Francis can look out for himself. He will have thought of something by that time. If he should go to Europe, Aunt Marian can stay with me. Nothing could be more perfect. And how I pity them! I will write this minute, and you can mail the letter when you go out."

She had already seated herself at the table to write, and as her pen flew quickly over the paper, her face grew brighter than it had been for many a day. Presently, suspending her pen, she looked up.

"Couldn't you get free passes for them on the railroad?" she asked. "I don't like to offer to send her money."

"Yes," he answered.

She smiled, and wrote on.

"There, now, everything there is nicely arranged," she said, sealing her letter. "Now, what about the house here? Don't you think I might come back to live in it next winter, and just shut it up this spring without moving anything?"

"I don't want to control you, Clara," her brother said, hesitatingly; "but the house is rather large, and your income rather smaller now that Charles and I have a part of father's money. Do as you wish; but I would recommend one of those new apartments they have been building up town. You can have what rooms are necessary for you there for half the rent of this house. The situation would be pleasanter, besides."

Miss Danese laid her finished letter on the table, and came back to her chair.

"It may be best so," she said, thoughtfully, after a moment. "But that I must decide upon later. The things had better stay here till a tenant is found; they can then easily be stored or taken to an apartment."

Her brother was gazing dreamily—even gloomily—into the fire. Though he had not said so, he felt the breaking up of his childhood's home almost more than his sister; for she had an unconscious looking-forward to console her, while his life was fixed and not to his liking. He had come to that position when people look back, not forward. He could not hope that an unamiable wife would become amiable as she grew older, and even his love for his children was the source of trouble to him. The only spot where he had found real peace had been in his father's house, and that was now lost to him. It had been his custom to come in for a few minutes every morning, and frequently to come in the evening for an hour. It had been his real home, and his only consolation.

"I, also, hate to give up the place, Clara," he said, presently, in a tone of deep feeling. "If some things were different, I would myself come here to live; but as they are, I cannot."

She understood perfectly well what things must change before he could have his will peacefully in anything.

"Dear Ned, we must make the best of it," she said, laying her hand on his again. "I will give up the house, as you advise, and you can look out an apartment for me, if you please. I can furnish it from here; and if there is anything that you particularly want, of course, it is yours. I was thinking that, maybe, you might like to have father's arm-chair."

Both glanced towards the spot where stood a beautifully-carved old arm-chair, with faded leathern cover, and both sighed at thoughts of the white head they had every day for so many years seen shining against its cushions.

"I would like to have it in the office," the brother said. To him his office was more peaceful and sacred than his home. "And now give me your letter, for I must go."

She gave him the letter, kissed him again, and went with him to the door, which she herself opened. Then, when he had gone out, she hurried back to the library and stood looking down the street after him. When she could no longer see him, she turned away with a sigh. "Poor Ned!" she whispered.

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### CHAPTER III.—THE PERCYS.

THE Aunt Marian of whom Edward Danese had spoken was not his aunt, but a second cousin to his mother, with whom she had been brought up. She had married a southerner, and had but once visited her northern friends within the memory of the younger Danese. As long as the mother lived, the correspondence had been as close and affectionate as that of two sisters; but when Mrs. Danese died, the intercourse waned, and finally ceased, not so much from forgetfulness as from a mistaken pride on both sides. The Percys were beginning to lose money, and consequently influence, and fancying that the Daneses were aware of their misfortunes, resented every sign of inattention in them, and the Daneses, knowing nothing of the misfortunes of their relatives, cooled at what they supposed was a coldness on the part of the Percys.

Edward Danese's news and his sister's letter put an end to all misunderstandings. The letter was received by a family scarcely less afflicted than that from which it came, and it was received, as it was written, with joyful relief.

Mrs. Percy and her son were, indeed, in a desperate condition. They had not only spent all their money but had sold everything but the bare necessities of furniture and clothing. Now and then Francis had sold a drawing, but the help was slight; and, besides, the manner in which his work was almost invariably been treated disgusted him. For, however artistic his plan, the builder or the pro-

prietor had always insisted on some addition or alteration which spoilt the whole for him. Only a few weeks before Clara Danese's letter came, he had been enraged on seeing what he had intended should be the gayest little cottage in the world, fit only for flowery chintz furniture and a garden full of roses, come into being with a cross-surmounted globe over each window, and a little cross perched wherever one could find foothold ; "all criss-crossed over with crosses," he said.

"Why they hadn't run up a little belfry somewhere, I can't imagine," he added, bitterly. "It's all the house lacks to turn it into a mongrel chapel. And then to think that they should still dare to say that I am the architect!"

The builder had just finished a church before going to work on this extraordinary cottage, and he and the rather ecclesiastical-minded owner had thought to give a pleasant surprise to this inexperienced young artist.

"Anyone who has wit enough to see how pretty the cottage is, will know that you never put on those ornaments," his mother said. "Never mind, Frank! Make your plans, and let them mar them as much as they please, so long as they pay."

The son shrugged his shoulders. He did not like to disappoint his mother when she was trying to comfort him ; yet he could not agree to her monstrously inartistic ideas.

"I have sometimes wondered," he said presently, "whether the Creator made our figures first, and fitted the machine into them, or made the machine first and built the bodies up round them. I'm inclined to think that the outside had the first attention, and the inside had to accommodate itself to the space allowed it."

They were sitting in their poor little parlour at sunset: the tall, elegant woman, with her grey hair and pallid face, and mournful, loving eyes resting ever on her handsome son. He was handsome enough to justify her loving pride in him. Tall, slight, and supple, with brown hair, and the most beautiful blue eyes in the world. But the face was looking haggard now, and wore an expression of anxiety and distress, though his lips never uttered a complaint, except that petulant, scornful one about his changed plans. He was a good son in his way ; not a very strong staff to lean upon, indeed, but sympathizing and affectionate, and he suffered more on his mother's account than on his own. That he had once lived in luxury, and that, when their first losses came, he had still been rich enough to look forward confidently to a two years' study in Europe, was a bitter contrast to the present ; but he felt a still deeper pain when he remembered those far-away childish days when his mother had come in her rich trailing robes to kiss him in his little bed before going down to some fine company at home or abroad, when he had seen the light of the nursery-lamp sparkle on her diamonds, and lying white on her fair round arms. What a contrast it was now ! She had grown frail, and

pallid, and old; the dress she wore at this moment was a cotton one, and the jewels had long since been changed into food, shelter, and raiment. He glanced at her hands, and turned quickly away to hide the tears that came into his eyes. Those delicate hands had lost nearly all their beauty. They had to cook, clean, wash, and iron now. It made him desperate to think of it. How should he help her? It was not enough that he could give her bread and a home, he wished to give her back all that she had lost—to set her slight fingers slipping over the piano keys again, to see a footman bending, hat in hand, at her carriage step to take her orders, to wrap her elegant figure again in velvets and India shawls, and glossy rustling silks. To his mind the loss of money was the greatest of losses, and riches the great good. "With money, you can have all that is worth having in the world," he thought, "and without it, you can have nothing." He had never known a sorrow that money could not have prevented.

"I've been thinking, mother, that it might be best if I should try to get something to do at the north," he said. "My profession is worse than thrown away here, and I shall never do anything else. What do you think of it?"

Her pale cheeks grew yet paler. It was easy to talk of going, but what was to pay their passage to the north, and support them till employment should be found?

"I wish you would let me write to Edward Danese," she said. "He could help you, and I think he would."

The young man's face blushed a sudden crimson. "No, mother!" he replied decidedly. "I am not yet poor enough to beg for assistance from them. They have known that our fortunes were darkening while theirs were prosperous, and they have never written a word of sympathy. We will try to live without them."

She did not insist. Her own pride would have found it hard to ask help from them. She could have done it for her boy's sake; but had she been alone, never for her own.

She rose to prepare their supper, fearing to trust herself to think of their troubles without distraction. She drew a small table toward the window, and set it with a snow-white cloth, and a few dishes of fine china, the remains of sets long since broken up. It would not have been worth while to sell them. They would not have increased the price of any lot of odds and ends they might have been put with. The only saleable articles she still clung to were two silver forks, two spoons, and two teaspoons. These she reserved for the day when they would be hungry. Formerly she had attempted some little adornment of their table, a few flowers in a cup or glass, or laid by the plates; but seeing one day, as they caught her son's eyes, the quick glance of anguish he gave her, she never tried it again. The effort was but too evident, a mere mockery of adornment. It was better to eat their poor, dry food with as little pretence and parade as possible.

While they sat, both tried to talk cheerfully that their food might not choke them. Eating was always their hardest trial. Then Francis stood looking out of the window, while his mother washed and put away the dishes. The prospect was that worst of desolation, a view of a poor and filthy crowd. Their house door opened into a quiet street, but their windows looked into a narrow lane swarming with children, dogs, cats, and labouring men and women. A mingled noise of wrangling, snarling, laughing and crying came up through the soft May twilight; and took away the charm of spring and of evening. Even the stars were scarcely beautiful seen over that turmoil.

Mrs. Percy came and seated herself beside the window, looking up into her son's face. He turned it slightly away, but not so soon but she saw the trouble in it.

"My dear boy!" she exclaimed.

He sank on his knees before her, and hid his face in her lap, weeping like a girl. "I could bear it for myself, mother," he sobbed, "but I cannot bear it for you!"

There was a tap at the door, and the two hastily rose, wondering who could have come. It was many a day since they had had a visitor, or, indeed, since they had wished to see one. It was no visitor, however, only a poor neighbour who had brought up a letter for them.

And then they went to the window, and by the faint remains of daylight read Clara Danese's letter. She prayed them to come as a charity to her. She was sorrowful and alone, she wanted their society, she wanted Aunt Marian always to live with her. She grieved over their adversity, which she had but just learned. Brother Ned, who had brought her the news, was now waiting to take her letter out. She was grieved and delighted all at once. Their trials could not last. She had always heard that Francis had very great talent, and she was sure that he would succeed. Of course Ned would gladly assist him in any way. But why had they not written that they were in trouble? "I've thought that you had forgotten us," wrote Clara. All was poured out so generously, the sympathy, the grief, the encouragement, the pressing invitation, that, like a full tide, it carried their objections before it, and swept them away. Smiles broke out on their lips, and light came into their eyes as they read:—

"I shall write you again to-morrow, and enclose two free passes for the journey," the letter concluded: "for I am not going to imagine that you will refuse."

"So you are sure of a good home till I can give you one," said Francis joyfully. "What a good creature that Clara must be!"

"And you will yet have a career," the mother said proudly.

Each thought first of the other

## CHAPTER IV.—"HOMINIS CONFUSIO."

Clara Danese was not one of those who refuse to be comforted. With the prospect of companionship and sympathy before her, her life began to stir again with a new spring. Hopes as frail as snow-drops, but as delicately sweet also, began to blossom, and aspirations to stretch upward their soaring branches.

Besides, there comes a time to most mourners when they learn to think of their lost ones as safe dead. The first wrench over, there is a strange kind of relief that it *is* over, since it had to be borne some time; and if the departed was one whose sufferings awakened a constant solicitude, we learn to be thankful that those sufferings are ended.

Clara Danese, then, laid aside her grief like a flower in a book, its vivid life, that had hurt her to the quick, all gone, and nothing left of it but a tender shadow and a sweet perfume. "Thank God, he is at peace now!" she sighed; and, saying it, felt that something of that peace had also touched herself with its healing.

Then there was work to do; for a tenant had offered himself at once for the house, and everything had to be taken away and stored. The books went first, and all the more precious articles; then room after room was denuded, cleaned and closed, till Clara found herself and her one servant in the narrowest possible quarters. These last rooms her brother would attend to when she should leave them. For she was to go to Foamy Point directly from her own home. And one day in the first of June she and her faithful Martha set out.

She found a friend of hers waiting at the station when she started, a gentleman who had been a frequent visitor at her father's house in days past, but whom she had not seen for months. He had called, but had not been admitted. She was either too sad or too busy to receive visitors.

"I thought you would allow me to come and say good-bye," he said.

She held out her hand cordially. "It is very good of you to take the pains," she replied; and they stood aside, talking together in a friendly way, while Edward Danese bought the tickets. Clara's eyes wandered about while she spoke, explaining her plans quite freely; but the gentleman's eyes rested on her. The sight of her pallor, contrasting so strongly with the deep mourning she wore, pained him intensely. He wanted to speak some word of sympathy, but did not dare approach a subject which she so completely set aside, not knowing if her cheerfulness were real, or only assumed to hide a breaking heart. He knew her well enough to be sometimes puzzled by her. It is only those who are ignorant of character who fancy that they can always read it like print; and Mr. Albert Fronset was not only



rather remarkably gifted in that difficult science, but had unconsciously made Clara Danese a particular study.

"And where do you go this summer?" she asked, after having told her own plans.

"I have decided on nothing," he replied. "Mother and the girls are going to Newport; but I am tired of it. I would like to run wild a little—get off to woods that no gardener has been fingering, and a sea where nobody goes in bathing."

"Mother and the girls" meant the mother and sisters of his dead wife. Five years before, Mr. Fronset had married a beautiful young girl, simply because she had fallen desperately in love with him, and he had now been two years a widower.

"Why don't you run down our way?" Clara asked. "It is quite wild enough there. Besides, I would like you and my cousin, Francis, to become acquainted. I am afraid that he will find his mother and me rather dull company."

The gentleman's fine dark face brightened wonderfully. "I should certainly like to come," he said.

Then there was a warning whistle, and Clara had to run to the train. The gentleman did not, however, go away directly. He stood looking through the rails of the barrier till the train had slipped out of the station.

Some notable persons had gone down to Canning a few days before, and a drawing-room car was sent down to take them back. Edward Danese, ever thoughtful for his sister's comfort, had bought her tickets for this car. There were but two other persons in it: a lady and her maid. Clara scarcely observed this lady at first, except to assure herself that she was a stranger, but occupied herself with arranging the two arm-chairs that fell to her lot so that she could see the landscape—the lovely green fields they were flying through, and the grand old forests they would reach presently, farther eastward.

Martha, to whom all landscapes were alike, and who could not imagine why people should care to look at them, settled herself in a corner with a pile of illustrated papers.

"How nice!" said Clara to herself, as they started. "There are to be no men in the car. I can do as I like."

What she liked was to make a sort of sofa of her two chairs with one of the corner divans, where, half reclining, she watched dreamily the flying landscape, and enjoyed the sense of rapid motion, and of the power which produced it.

How perfect were those June skies and the June woods! not too rich, but fully and graciously beautiful. How far tenderer that soft violet, with its light fleece of scattered clouds, small and white, like lambs in a flowery pasture, than the dazzling blue diamond *solitaire* of a tropical sky! Clouds are so much more social, she thought. And was there a tree on earth so ethereally lovely as a silver-birch? Why, if they grew only in some one

distant land, all the world would call them trees of paradise. And there, on the horizon, were the mountains of paradise; summit over summit of cumuli of an ineffable whiteness, where the shadows were coloured like pearls.

Presently, not knowing why, but, it may be, "turned by seeing spirits," Clara turned her head and looked at the lady at the other side of the car.

This lady—we may as well tell her name at once: Mrs. M'Cloud—had also made herself as comfortable as possible, but in another mode than Clara Danese's. She had removed her rather jaunty black hat, over which nodded a long feather, and suspended it to a tassel of the curtain; had drawn the second arm-chair up before her, and put her feet into it, and had arranged within reach a variety of objects. There was a little fan, that shut up into a marvellously small space when not in use; a smelling-bottle, a travelling-flask of Catawba wine, and a paper of sandwiches. With these articles attending her pleasure, she leaned back in her chair and read a novel, helping herself now and then to a chocolate cream from the paper in her lap.

"To make the picture perfect, she should wear a dressing-gown, and have her hair in curl-papers," thought Clara Danese.

Mrs. M'Cloud's hair, however, had no need of curl-papers. Nature had already crisped those blonde tresses into such stubborn waves, that the hundred strokes of the brush which her maid gave them every night could not straighten them; and though it was too early in the day for her to have spent much time at the toilet, one could see, through the light net she wore, such a confused wealth of crushed, glossy ringlets, as only nature can produce. This lady might have been thirty years of age. Her face was fair, spirited in outline, and colourless, with the soft pallor of an infant; her eyes a light grey, which seemed darker for the thick lashes; her smooth cheek had a faint dimple in it, and her hands were marvellously white and small. Her toilet, though simple, showed study. It was all of a mottled grey; dress, boots and mantle. The only relief was a bunch of small scarlet flowers at the throat, and a glimpse of a scarlet petticoat. Mrs. M'Cloud was of opinion that flowers were cheaper than ribbons, especially when the flowers cost nothing.

Clara looked long and intently at this lady, and, while admiring her beauty, did not like her. Mrs. M'Cloud, who had already taken her own observations, returned the compliment. There was something in Clara Danese's large, dreamy eyes, as she had fixed them on the distant cloud-mountains, which displeased her. She did not fancy sublime young women, and she set her fellow-traveller down as sublime.

The bright June day waned, and when at last the town of Canning became visible, built whitely up and down its lovely hills, the sun was setting.

"Thank goodness! we are here, Miss Clara," said Martha, who had long since exhausted her papers.

Mrs. McCloud had some time before laid aside her book, and began looking out with an eagerness which her travelling companion noticed. She bit her under lip a little as she looked, and an expression, half of amusement, half of scorn, passed over her face as she saw the town.

"I used to think that town the centre of the world," she said, addressing Clara for the first time.

"Then you must have been born there," was the quiet reply.

The lady stared at her. "Who told you that? How could you know?" she exclaimed.

"I only guessed it from your own remark," Clara replied.

Mrs. McCloud laughed. "You are quite right. I haven't seen it now for ten years, and in that time I have seen all the rest of the world that is worth seeing."

"You have been in Palestine?" inquired Clara, who had a longing to go there.

"Dear me! no. I have been in London, Paris, and Rome. Paris, though, is enough. Everybody comes there but the Pope; and he may come any day. You have been in Europe?"

"No," Clara said; "but I shall probably go this fall."

The resolution had come in a flash. She could have Aunt Marian as a companion, and their going might, in some way, help Francis to go. She was very anxious to help him. "I will surely go this fall," she thought, as she stepped out on to the platform.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE CELTS, GREEKS, AND LATINS.

### PHILOLOGICAL NOTES.

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It is now generally admitted by philologists, that of the Aryan peoples who, in epochs as yet undetermined, migrated from Central Asia to the European Continent, the Celts were the first to arrive, and the Greeks the last. The unity of the Aryan languages is proved by the similarity of their grammatical forms, even more than by their vocabulary, though the affiliation in the latter respect is also patent and indubitable. On the philological map the same class of languages extends from Hindustan to Ireland. In the old poetic literature of the Hindus, vague traditions point to the cradle of the Aryan race, of which they were a branch, as the Airganem Vaege, the country between the Jaxartes

and Oxus—the northern Asiatic region, where Ahriman, or darkness, reigns during six months of the year. Elsewhere it is stated that Bokhara and Little Thibet were the starting points. The old Sanscrit language in which those traditions are contained, is a sister of the Celtic; and to any Irish-speaking person the radical components of the word Bokhara is plain, namely, that it was the country of “cattle,” and “husbandry.” The Hindus entered India through the Punjaub, and the songs of the Rig Veda, perhaps the oldest literary composition of the Indo-Aryan race, indicate that they long resided in the country of the “five rivers,” or Shindus, from which they derive their name, and even in Cabul.

The primitive Celts at one time spread over a large part of the European Continent, driving before them a people previously in occupation—a dark-skinned race, of whom the Basques of Spain, the Siluri of South Wales, and, perhaps, the ancient Etrurians, were a residue—just as they were themselves subsequently driven before the Teutonic races, westward.\* The Celts were once in the possession of Peninsular Greece, Macedon, Thrace, Dalmatia, Illyria, Carinthia, the Tyrol, Switzerland, Styria, Bohemia, Italy, Gaul, Spain, and the British Isles; and 200 B.C., they made an incursion into Galatia, in Asia Minor, and gave the name to that province, to whose people St. Paul addressed an epistle. To the Greeks they were known as Keltæ; to the Latins, and their own race in old France, as Galli.† The signification of the word Celt has not been definitely ascertained; the Keltæ have been interpreted to mean, the “people of the woods,” &c. The root *Cel*‡ signifies “a cover” (in the Norse, *hel*, is the “covered or hidden place”); and the most probable interpretation of “Keltæ” is, “the people who lived under cover,” or “tents,” they being, in primitive ages, nomades, who moved with their herds and flocks, and lived under tents. The word Gaul comes from the Irish word *gallav*, the left (hand), and as looking, with reference to the cardinal points, northward, the west is on the left, the word *Gal* came to signify the “west,” and its people. This root-word, Gall, is found in many places—in the name of ancient Gaul, as in that of Galway.

At the present time there is a tribe of the Georgian Yomuts occupying a district south of the Caspian Sea, who call themselves Keltæ, and who, as described by Vambry, are a fair-skinned

\* Of these contests we now know little or nothing. One of the greatest of literary losses has been that of “Pliny’s History of the Wars between the Celts and Germans,” in 20 books.

† *Ipsorum lingua Keltæ, nostra Galli appellantur* (Cæsar Com. l. i.). The *c* in Celtic is pronounced hard, as *k*, as it was by the Latins, who said—Kæsar, Kikero, not Cæsar, Cicero, as we pronounce these words.

‡ The root *cel*, in the sense of “cover,” is not confined to the Celtic. It is found in the ancient Egyptian.

people, with all the ethnological characteristics of the old Celts. The name is curious, cropping up in such a place in such an age; perhaps they are relics of an old Celtic tribe who retain only the name. While referring to the origin of the name Celt, we may allude to that of Saxon.\* The Sacæ are mentioned in classic history; but it may be a surprise to some to find traces of the same race in the Cacca, in the province of Oude in India, in the present day, who are said to bear a striking resemblance, physically, to the ancient Saxons, in their blue eyes, fair hair, and character. The word Saxon has been absurdly derived from *sax*, a knife: its real root is the same as that of the Cacca, namely, the Sanscrit, *cak*, a "warrior,"—a "terrible being." How many ages have elapsed since this people, identical in name and other respects, separated in Central Asia—the one to settle in northern Hindustan, the other in England!

The Celts, as we have said, had for ages occupied Europe before the Greek† peoples passed thither from Asia. Of these Hellenic races the migration of the Aeolians, whose Greek dialect bears a closer resemblance to the Celtic than the Ionian, or Attic, appears to have been prior to the arrival of the southern Greeks. The name Iones, or Ionians, we may state, is identical with the Yavanas, who are stated in the Indian Puranas to have been the progeny of the warrior caste—the Cshatriyas—one of the three great castes of ancient India. The word Yavanas, signifies "the young people," or race—a term which has reference to their youthful characteristics—a race of big children, beautiful, bold, capricious, apprehensive. Horace has sketched the Greek character in one of his Epistles, and history illustrates their intellectual career. But this subject is beside our purpose. On their arrival in Greece, the Greeks found, as Herodotus states, the country occupied by a much more primitive, and less civilized, people—the Pelasgians; while, on the other hand, Homer speaks of the "divine Pelasgians." Now, who were this people, whose language, in the time of Herodotus, was "barbarous," unintelligible to the Greeks, and who inhabited the district about Certonæ? The accounts of the Pelasgians in classic poets and historians is vague, as are all those which refer to the origin of ancient nations. Language is, after all, the most reliable aid in such historic elucidations. If it was this Pelasgian nation who gave the names to the mountains, rivers, localities, and oldest cities of Greece, they seem to have been a Celtic-speaking people.‡ There

\* From Sanscrit, *cak*, to endure, to be able; *caka*, a sovereign. The Cakas are frequently mentioned in the Indian epics as a people living north of the Himalayas. Boudda was called *Cakamouna*—the solitary, or monk of the Cakas.

† The name Graice, from which the Italians gave their name to the Greeks, was originally derived from a small community in ancient Albania, fronting Brindisi, with whom the Italians had early intercourse.

‡ There are many references in Irish Celtic literature to the intercourse between Ireland and Greece. In remote ages the Celtic and Greek were more allied than later;

seems strong philological grounds for concluding that the Hellenes, on their arrival in Greece, having received the Celtic names of places, cities, &c., from the Pelasgians, without comprehending their signification, originated a series of fanciful stories respecting them, and the famous traditional personages among the Pelasgii, and thus produced a portion of their mythology. Neither Greeks or Latins knew anything of comparative philology, and hence the greater part of their derivations are purely fanciful. "All that concerns the Greeks," says Josephus, in his treatise against Appion, "is of yesterday—such as the building of their cities, and their invention of the arts and laws. The last thing they thought of was writing their histories. Numerous disturbances have happened to the country they inhabit, and blotted out all record of former actions, so that they were always beginning a new way of living." Several discrepancies occur in their chronological history. Thus it is that Josephus, the literary representative of the Hebrews, proud of the antiquity of his nation, treats the Greeks with contempt, on the score of their antiquity. Though the Greeks were the "young people," they surpassed all nations in artistic intelligence; they beautified all they touched, and their poets built upon misunderstood traditions, rescued from the Pelasgii, their interesting mythology.

Let us hunt up a few of those old Pelasgian local names, and see if their Celtic radical signification corresponds with the above theory. Let us take the name Athens. The Greeks, of course, stated that Athene was so called from Minerva, or Pallas, who was the goddess-guardian of the city. This appears to us to have been a secondary explanation; the primitive word, "Athene," having a purely local reference. We are all familiar with the two rivers which flow near Athens, the Ilissus and Cephissus. Like all the Greek rivers, they have the character of mountain torrents, and dwindle to a thread during the summer. In alluding to the diminution of these waters in summer, the witty French writer, About, in his "Travels in Greece," says: "The Ilissus, indeed, is only a little wet after rain." The stream which runs nearest to Athens, the Cephissus, is bordered with rushes. Chateaubriand says, that on his way to the city, he crossed it over a ford made of the rushes with which its banks are thickly fringed. Looking at the name Athene, from the supposition that the old Pelasgian town was named Athene, from the nature of the path which

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and there is nothing improbable in the accounts of Greeks taking part in the great Fair of *Carmen*, as described in the very old Irish poem on that subject. Late researches prove that the Fair of "*Carmen*" was held at Carlow, not Wexford. Ancient Irish traditions remain as yet, chronologically, in a most confused state. Their antiquity is plain from internal evidence; but the confusion is referable to the circumstance of the scribes writing down every scrap of information conserved of some annal half-destroyed during an invasion, or from the ancient books being injured by being hidden in wells and all sorts of places during such occurrences; hence chronological order was lost.

led to it, and that this name was originally given to it by the Celtic-speaking Pelasgians, we have a clear explanation of its meaning—*ath*, “a ford,” and *aine*, the genitive case of the Irish *ain*, “of rushes”—so that Athens resolves itself into “Rushford.” The prefix, *ath*, enters into the old name of Dublin; *Ath-cliaith*, Dublin, “the ford of hurdles of the black pool;” and into a multitude of other local names in Ireland, and other places in ancient Celtica. Let us glance at the radical signification, from a Celtic standpoint, of a few familiar Greek words, and personal and local names. Take the name of the god Pan. There was a Pan the god of goat-herds; but Pan was also the name of the universal deity, the air, which was omnipresent. By adopting the usual transliteral change of the Celtic *f* into the Greek *p*, according to Grimm’s law, Pan is similarly explicable. In Irish, “fan” is the wind, pronounced *faun*; and this root enters into the Latin, *vanitas*, wandering, changeable as the wind—*fan*, wind, and *tus*, full. Few would conceive that the name of the Greek god, and of the ornament, the fan, have a like origin. Or take the Greek name for the ocean—*okeanus*; the Celtic roots which fit into this word, *og-ghaen*, convey in a remarkable manner the primitive signification of the name, *i.e.*, “perfectly flat,” “extended,” “spread out.” Just the name which an inland people, on first seeing the level brine, would have given to it, in contradistinction to the irregularity presented by the land. Comparative philology is one of the latest of sciences; and Max Muller truly states that both the Greeks and Latins were entirely ignorant of the radical meaning of their respective vocabularies.

How closely the Latin is connected with the Celtic we need not say. In the oldest Latin, as it appears in the fragments of the Laws of Numa in Festus, and fragments found in ancient inscriptions, we see the Celtic form of the genitive case, and other resemblances. It has long since been observed, that all Latin words relating to war, or agriculture, are Celtic; whose roots are also continually cropping up in multitudes of other Latin words. In Roman times, Cisalpine Gaul extended to the Tiber; and Zeuss has truly remarked, that the names of the most eminent literary men of ancient Italy, Catullus, Virgil, Cæsar, &c., are Celtic.

Mommsen (Hist. Rome) says that the word “Ramnes,” one of the three original cantons of Rome, cannot be explained, and thinks it may mean “foresters,” “bushmen.” It comes from *ruam*,\* a “burial-place;” and *naas*, “an assembly.” Like the Irish Celts, the early Romans assembled in their burial places, as the most sacred localities for consultation, propagating the laws, &c. The Celtic word *naas*, is familiar, in the town of that name, where the old “assembly,” or parliament was held. It enters into many Pelasgian Greek personal names, such as Nestor, naas-tor, the “lord,”

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\* Ruamb, pronounced *raumi*.



or wisdom of the assembly. The word *rum*, or *rom*, also has the secondary meaning of a "division"—hence, possibly, room.

Our theory is that the Helenes received the local names originated by the Celtic-speaking Pelasgians of primitive Greece; and while ignorant of their radical signification, built up a series of fanciful explanations of them, and that much of their mythology had its origin in this way.

Few words have been subjected to a greater number of tentative explanations than that of Rome. Cormac, in his Glossary, derives it from Ruam, a burial-place; but many of his interpretations are as fanciful as those of the Greeks and Latins. *Rom* in Celtic signifies "a division," and the name may have reference to the division of the hills among the early inhabitants. We do not know the period when the name Rome originated. If it was at the date of the amalgamation of the Sabines with the original heterogeneous population of the seven-hilled city, the name admits of a curious explanation—one referring to the presence of an Indian or Sanscrit-speaking people—a tribe of the same race as the modern gypsies—in the ancient city. That some of the names of the old gods of the Romans were Indian there can be no doubt; for example, Anna Perenna, which is the Indian Anna Puranna, the Goddess of Abundance, whose festival was celebrated on the banks of rivers in harvest-time. We are all familiar with the old story of the rape of the Sabines—how, when the Sabine women saw the Roman army and that of their Sabine relatives advancing to combat, they rushed between them, and terminated the impending conflict between their fathers and brothers and their husbands. The original population of Rome before this event are stated to have been a collection of outcasts and robbers, among the former of whom there may have been some of those Indian tribes who, having lost caste, had become exiles from the eastern peninsula. Now, the Spanish gypsies call themselves "*Romani*"—a name which has an emphatic reference to "husbands." The language of some of the motley gathering who constituted the primitive inhabitants in these very remote times, may have been, or very closely allied to, the Sanscrit (it is unnecessary to say that the gypsy language is a corrupt dialect of the Sanscrit)—thus, the slang expression, my "pal," is a Sanscrit word; *pal* meaning a "tent," and hence, by its secondary signification, a "companion." Curious to think that Rome might, from the Sabine incident, have been known as the city of "husbands."

The Pelasgians\* figure largely in Homer. Hippothous led the

\* The Pelasgii occupied Western Asia and Greece. There is every reason to suppose that this ancient people spoke a Celtic dialect. The Greeks changed the Celtic *b* into *p*, and the word Pelasgi resolves itself into Baile-asgach—the people of "fortified habitations or towns" as distinguished from the older Celts, or the people who lived under tents. The idea corresponds with the descriptions of the Pelasgians in Homer, Herodotus, and Strabo.

warlike "nations" who inhabited the fertile Larissa—a word which comes from *lar*, a hearth—and hence, a home; and which is found in a Persian as well as a Greek region. Rawlinson, after referring to the statement of Herodotus, that the Ionians, Aeolians, and Achæans, were originally Pelasgians, is of opinion that their language resembled the Greek, as the Gothic the German. The "father of history," although he was preceded in Greece by Hecataeus, tells us that the Greeks derived the names of their gods from the Pelasgians and the Phœnicians.

It is remarkable that Troia—Troy—is an Irish word, signifying a "fight" or "place of battle." We have it still in Troyes in France, and many other places besides the famous place in Phrygia, the scene of the Iliad. The Celtic explains the original meaning of many personal and local names in Homer and other Greek writers. The influence of Celtic on the Latin, which radically resembles it most, is far more important. In fact, all the Latin words which have a relation to war, or agriculture, or policy, are Irish Celtic. Take, for example, the word "consul." The consul was the adviser—the individual elected to see after the affairs of the tribe or collection of families; and the two Irish words, *con-suil*, the "eye of kindred," in the old figurative Celtic fashion, strikingly illustrates the meaning of the name. For the present we are content to direct the attention of our Celtic scholars to such interesting analogies.

A. M.

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## OLD WALKS AND OLD SCENES.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

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### I.

With every season have we viewed this scene:—

When the soft lilac clouds, dispersed shapes,  
 Slept o'er the sea-line 'twixt the stretching capes,  
 And the spring freshes flooding o'er the dam  
 Edged its sleek fall with sweetling flaggers green;  
 When skies were full of May and blossomed balm  
 Or cloudy, sultry noons of summer grey  
 Roofed the low mountains and the waveless bay;  
 Or when from sullen vapours heavily  
 Rayed down at times a sombrous, fan-like glow;  
 Thunder above the corn-fields brooded low;  
 And not the faintest breath was felt to flow,

Till through the lurid, curled clouds amain  
Rattled the crash reverberant, and rain  
Released at first in drops, heavy and slow,  
Thickened to deluge on the steaming plain.

Then slumbrous days of misty heat and growth,  
Scarce cooled by a wind even from the south;  
Through which we hear no more the bubbling brook,  
But the dry toll of reapers, as they grasp  
The swathes of wheat they bind in strawy clasp,  
Or double-sided clash of whetting hook :  
And later, others shorter and as warm,  
When in the dusty pane the dry beam glows,  
And parched trailers droop, and the flies swarm  
Black, thick and rank, at sleepy autumn's close.

## II.

Then cooler came after some teeming night,  
The cheerful sadness of September light :  
Pale skies more chill, but splendrously clear,  
Over the breezy morning's foliage sear ;  
Then as we walked in mellow calm, remote  
From the town's hum, on some dry, quiet road—  
When ceased the snapping bark of cottage curs—  
We heard vague voices of the harvesters  
On uplands heaping high each yellow load ;  
Nay, on the stillness, under the cart's wheel,  
The husky crackle of the stubble steal ;  
And saw the thistle-down across us float:—

And later aspects of the year we knew  
No less :—October's mornings, breezy and blue,  
With scents of frost and withered fallen leaves,  
By dry day roads, or misty, moony eves ;  
Or when clouds crisp with cold rose o'er the brown  
Woodlands—till came November's dull nights soon.  
Then as returned we late a-toward Town,  
Cold gusts of water crossed us from the weir  
On sloppy roads, where the wind, raw and drear,  
Breathed from the wet, rank foggy fields anear,  
Faint lit from rainy hallows round the moon,  
That overhead unseen in vapours swam.  
Mid-winter, too, upon whose numb, cold calm,  
When footing frosted paths, beside some dead  
Shrubbery, in shelter from the blue north wind,  
We heard beneath the birchen thickets, lined  
With fallen leaves, the blackbird's rustling tread ;

And yet again, when through the white wide park,  
Muffled, quick pacing, we were wont to mark  
The deers' slot in the snowy sludge beside  
The river ; and across the pure, chill waste,  
Far off by barren branches brownly laced,  
Spreading into the hazy evening wide—  
The great trees swaying sigh in desolate air  
Ceaselessly—with an inner low despair.

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## THE MOORES OF MOORE'S COURT.

BY DENIS F. HANNIGAN.

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### CHAPTER IX.

IN those days there stood, in one of the less-frequented quarters of the City of Cork, a large, dingy-looking-house, in one of the front windows of which appeared a green board adorned with the inscription—"Nathaniel Sharkey, Attorney and Land Agent." At that time the ambiguous word "solicitor"—which literally seems to mean nothing better than a tempter—had not come into popular use ; and legal gentlemen rejoiced in the older and certainly more intelligible title. The professional gentlemen who now discard the term "attorney" as a vulgarism, seem to overlook the awkward significance of its euphonious substitute.

If there was anything peculiar in the aspect of the house referred to, it was the fact that everything about it seemed strongly suggestive of Dust. There was dust on the windows, dust on the walls, dust on the hall-door, and dust on the brass knocker ; and this dusty character seemed even to attach itself to the owner of the name on the inscription above mentioned, as he sat in his private office, one burning day in the middle of June, with a handkerchief tied around his head, probably to keep off the heat. There was little in Mr. Nathaniel Sharkey's appearance to suggest the idea of a sharp practitioner. He was a short, stout, overfed-looking individual, with nothing more striking in his face than a large red pimple (said to have been congenital with the organ itself) which adorned the end of his nose. He was dressed in a light summer suit ; and, with his rubicund face and air of inveterate good-humour, looked rather like a respectable version of the celebrated "Miller of the Dee." Even the

heat and the dust, which found their way into the room through the open window, seemed to enhance his aspect of radiant middle-aged cheerfulness.

Mr. Sharkey's private office was a small, ill-furnished room, its walls ornamented with shelves of musty old books, and in its centre an old-fashioned round table, littered with venerable-looking parchments and faded old letters. There was a closet in a corner of the room where Mr. Sharkey usually kept some good old wine.

Mr. Sharkey was a person who enjoyed the reputation of being rich—one of those pleasant things which always, unfortunately, has its *aliquid amari*. The bitter drop in Mr. Sharkey's cup was that some envious people suspected him of having acquired a considerable portion of his wealth by overreaching—a sinister charge, which we should be sorry to bring against any gentleman engaged in the solemn function of either expounding or administering the law. Some malicious wags loved also to assign a Quixotic reason for the fact that Mr. Sharkey did not practise at the local courts. They said that in the springtime of his legal career, he was once engaged in an insignificant case before the Recorder, and that, not yet being inured to the atmosphere of a court, the unfledged young attorney took his seat in a place not generally occupied by legal practitioners. These irreverent wags went on to say that, as Mr. Sharkey rose while the Recorder, who happened to be a very unceremonious personage, was himself asking some questions of a troublesome witness, the judicial functionary angrily exclaimed: "Who is that fellow below there with the big red carbuncle on his nose?" Since that time, according to those spiteful persons, Mr. Sharkey never practised at the local tribunals of justice.

With an apparent disrelish for all hard work, probably induced by the heat of the day, Mr. Sharkey seemed to amuse himself by occasionally glancing over some stray papers that lay on that part of the table which was close to the place where he sat. Now and then a few incoherent expressions escaped his lips, as if he were buried in deep reflection which sometimes, like the soliloquies in *Hamlet*, effervesced in broken sentences. That portion of Mr. Sharkey's self-communion which took the form of spoken language might be rendered thus:—

"Very deep scheme.—To break up such an old family.—Something at the bottom of the whole thing.—A fellow I can't read very easily.—Something mysterious about him.—Must try and find out the cause of this.—Very hard customer to deal with.—Seems to distrust everybody.—Something at the bottom of it.—Hallo, J. P.!"

J. P. was Mr. Sharkey's clerk—an individual of about thirty, with red hair and beard, and a pair of wild-looking eyes that seemed to be on fire with litigious energy. His full name was

Joseph Power White, which the curious enquirer might easily discover by reading the large printed letters that flared over the door of a small public-house in one of the smallest streets in the city—an establishment conducted by Mrs. White, a buxom lady, twenty years her husband's senior. But, as brevity is the soul of wit, Mr. Sharkey, who regarded himself as a great humorist, took the liberty of addressing his clerk as "J. P."

"What's the matter now, J. P.?" said Mr. Sharkey, as that remarkable individual entered the room.

"There's a country fellow outside there, sir, with a letter, and won't give up possession to me, though I gave him to understand that I was qualified to act as your agent. He says he does not want any agents, as his business is with yourself alone."

"Who is he?" asked the attorney quickly.

"I believe he is a letter-carrier in the employment of Sir Annesley Moore, sir."

"Sir Annesley Moore! Oh, show the man in here at once, J. P. It must be important."

"Is there any prospect of a 'set-to' in that quarter, sir?" It may be observed that by the term "set-to," J. P. meant to convey the idea of a lawsuit; his notion of justice being that litigation was a kind of faction-fighting in which the parties strove, by fair means or foul, to reduce one another to beggary, instead of trying to break one another's heads.

"I don't know how things may turn out yet, J. P.," was Mr. Sharkey's evasive reply. "But you are forgetting the letter-carrier in the meantime. Send him in to me with the letter, in all haste."

The clerk retired; and in a very short time a countryman, with a bag slung across his shoulders, shufflingly entered the room.

"That letter is for me, my good fellow?" said Mr. Sharkey, seeing that the man hesitated.

"Listen here," returned the man, approaching Mr. Sharkey, and speaking in a half whisper, "are you the 'torney himself?" In those days, it should be observed, the peasantry had little respect for that branch of the legal profession to which Mr. Sharkey belonged.

"I am the person you want evidently, my friend," answered Mr. Sharkey, a little irritated at the fellow's coolness.

"How do you know you're the person I want?" said the man doggedly. "Are you the 'torney, tell me?"

"I am," replied the lawyer, with some asperity—"give me the letter, and don't stand loitering there."

"Oh! thin, you're Misther Sharkey—an' a mighty sharp name you have by the same token, Misther Sharkey. Here's the letther, Misther Sharkey, sir. 'Tis from the masher—Sir Annisley Moore, I mane. He tould me, you see, Misther Sharkey, to

dilliver it to yerself." So saying, he handed Mr. Sharkey the letter, which that gentleman proceeded quickly to open. The attorney had just glanced over the communication when, suddenly looking up, he was rather surprised to see the postman still standing near him, evidently watching him with close scrutiny. "What are you waiting for?" asked Mr. Sharkey.

"What'd I be waitin' for but the answer?" returned the man, in his usual interrogative style of reply.

"You need not wait for that," said the attorney, after a brief pause. "I will write to Sir Annesley Moore by this evening's post."

"But I'm ready to carry it now, Mr. Sharkey."

"Carry what?"

"The letther you're goin' to write, of coorse."

"But 'tis not written yet, my good fellow—as I told you just now, you need not wait."

The countryman, who was no less a personage than Patt the Post, gazed curiously at the lawyer.

"An' would you suspect me of openin' it, Misther Sharkey?" he asked, with a cunning leer.

"Opening what?"

"Arrah, don't you know what I mane, man alive? Is that the way you are? Openin' the letther, of coorse."

Mr. Sharkey's good-humoured smirk was beginning to disappear. "Come, sir," he cried, rather impatiently; "give me none of your impudence! There's no letter for you to carry."

"Well, what'll I say, so, whin I go back, Misther Sharkey?" asked the postman, relapsing into his more conciliatory style of address.

"Say what I told you," the lawyer observed—"namely, that I'll write by the evening post; or—you need not say anything, if you like, but that you brought no letter."

"An' is there nothin' purtikler in that letther I gave you?" said the postman, slyly.

"Come, my man! You must not be trying to pry into family secrets," returned Mr. Sharkey, in a half-playful manner, which was only an attempt to mask his interior discomposure.

"Family saycrits, is it?" repeated the postman, with a stare of inquisitive surprise. "An' so there's family saycrits in that letther, is there?"

Here Mr. Sharkey, no longer able to control his impatience, sprang from his seat, and cried in a loud voice: "J. P., step in here a moment, and remove this fellow from the premises!"

The postman moved rapidly towards the door, exclaiming, with some alarm:—

"What's J. P.?—Justice o' the Paice, is it? What are you goin' to get me taken for? Is it goin' to sware informations agin me, you are, bad 'cess to you?"



"I could get you locked up, if I wished," observed the attorney, with a look of severity in his face. "But, as I am inclined to be lenient——"

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of his clerk. "Here, J. P.," he said, leaving the previous sentence unfinished, "show that fellow out. And mark me, my friend," casting a look of solemn warning at the bewildered postman; "if you conduct yourself in this fashion again, whenever you may happen to come here, it will be the worse for you."

Patt the Post shuffled out of the room, muttering as he approached the street, where his mule was awaiting him very impatiently, as though she felt inclined to rush off in a furious stampede: "May the devil take all 'torneys!"

"That's actionable!" exclaimed the litigious clerk, who had heard the words.

"What's that you're sayin'?" cried the postman, sharply, as he rapidly turned round and faced the clerk.

"I mean you could be punished by the law for speaking in such terms of a legal gentleman," said J. P., grandiloquently.

"I wasn't spakin' of any gentleman," retorted the postman; "I was only givin' my blessin' to the profession in general."

"Did you not say, 'May the——'?"

"Arrah, let me out o' this place, an' be hanged to you!" the postman impatiently exclaimed, interrupting J. P.'s question. "Ye're both well met. A pair o' ——." The last word, however opprobrious, did not reach J. P.'s attentive ears, for it was uttered in a low tone, just as the postman, having emerged into the street, was in the act of mounting his ill-tempered mule.

Meanwhile Mr. Sharkey sat pondering deeply over the letter he had just received.

"So the baronet wants to raise a few thousands more!" he muttered. "Let me see"—reading a portion of the letter—"Can you procure me the loan of three thousand pounds? That's no joke, certainly. Callanan *could* advance the money, I'm sure; but *would* he?—that's the point. I fear the baronet is on his last legs. Well! well! The thing was a long time coming round."

Here Mr. Sharkey read the letter over again carefully. Then, as he replaced it in the envelope, he said to himself: "I suppose I must see Callanan." He had just arisen from his seat when he heard a rapid knock at the street door; and immediately afterwards, J. P. again presented his red head at the door, and stared at his master with his wild-looking eyes. "Well, J. P.?"

"Mr. Callanan wishes to see you, sir—special business."

"Indeed! Speak of somebody and he'll appear," said Mr. Sharkey, euphemistically. "Show him in here, J. P., in all haste."

Mr. Callanan entered the room, looking somewhat paler and more careworn than usual.

"And how is my good friend, Mr. Callanan, to-day?" the attorney began, with sugary politeness. "I hope this exceedingly warm weather is not disagreeing with you, sir."

"Thank you, I am well," Mr. Callanan returned, with such frigidity of manner that the remark about the heat seemed strangely inappropriate.

"Will you kindly take a seat, Mr. Callanan," Mr. Sharkey went on, his manner becoming a little more grave than usual. "I presume, Mr. Callanan, you have come to speak to me concerning business?"

"Yes, Mr. Sharkey; I have come to speak to you about those mortgages."

"In—deed!" exclaimed the lawyer, chopping the word into two parts, while he closely watched the other's face.

"Now I want to know this from you, Mr. Sharkey," said Mr. Callanan, slowly: "Can a mortgagee under any circumstances become the absolute owner of the mortgaged property?"

Mr. Sharkey looked at his visitor keenly. "Your question is very well put, indeed," said he; "you are a clear-headed man, Mr. Callanan."

"But you are not answering my question," said Mr. Callanan, curtly.

"Oh! excuse my heedlessness," returned the lawyer, with a strange mixture of politeness and confusion. "I am inclined to think that, under certain circumstances, which, it is to be hoped, for the sake of our landed proprietors, may not often arise—in fact—I believe——"

"In a word, he can," said Mr. Callanan, bluntly interpreting the lawyer's meaning. "Does it come to that?"

"You follow me correctly, sir," replied Mr. Sharkey, blandly; "but you should consider the variety of circumstances that must concur in order to bring about such a result."

"I wanted to know simply how the matter stands in law," said Mr. Callanan.

"Oh! but you must remember that equity may interpose, my dear Mr. Callanan," rejoined the attorney.

"Equity! How is that?"

"You see, a transaction may be valid at law and void in equity—valid in equity and void at law."

Mr. Callanan stared at the lawyer with some surprise.

"Take the example of a mortgage, my dear sir—thing we were speaking of—case in point. A mortgage at law gives the legal estate to the mortgagee——"

"When?"

"From the date of the mortgage-deed; and a court of law would empower the mortgagee, as soon as the day of payment is passed, to eject the mortgagor for non-payment."

There was a wild light in Mr. Callanan's eyes as he listened to

these words. Mr. Sharkey, closely watching the expression in his client's face, went on :—

"In equity, however, the case is quite different. The Court of Chancery maintains that, even after the day fixed for payment, the mortgagor has still a right to redeem his estate, on payment of principal, interest and costs."

The wild light faded from Mr. Callanan's eyes, and his face gradually resumed its old impassive expression. "I did not think the law contradicted itself in this way," he observed.

"You see the matter with a layman's eye, Mr. Callanan," replied the attorney. "The fact is, the courts of common law and the Court of Chancery exercise two totally different jurisdictions."

"Can the mortgagee bring an action of ejectment, if the mortgagor does not pay up the debt on the day fixed for payment?" asked Mr. Callanan.

"He may, of course, my dear sir, bring his action of ejectment in a court of law; but the Court of Chancery will force him, even after he has got possession, to give a strict account of the rents and profits."

"So, then, I am to understand, Mr. Sharkey, that the mortgagor may, by the aid of the Court of Chancery, claim back at any time he wishes the property he has legally forfeited. This is scarcely credible."

"Oh! no," cried the attorney; "there is, of course, a certain limit to the time allowed for redemption."

"And what is that limit?" asked Mr. Callanan, quickly.

"I cannot answer you that question with mathematical accuracy," replied Mr. Sharkey. "The Court of Chancery allows the mortgagee to 'foreclose,' as the legal phrase is, the mortgagor's power of redemption, if the latter does not repay him within a reasonable time."

"Can you define what that 'reasonable time' is?" inquired Mr. Callanan, eagerly.

"Oh! you must not press me so hard, Mr. Callanan," said the lawyer. "The Court itself may name the day on which payment must necessarily be made; and after that the owner—that is to say, the mortgagor—may be foreclosed."

"In such a case, then," Mr. Callanan observed, "the law probably gives the mortgagee the power of either selling the property or transferring it to himself?"

"In such a case, as far as I understand, the mortgagee has that power," returned Mr. Sharkey, with a little hesitation. "But do you not find this discussion rather dry, Mr. Callanan? Will you not drink something?"

"Oh! not at all," said Mr. Callanan, with a face of imperturbable gravity. "But now, Mr. Sharkey, let us apply this practically. The Moore estate is heavily encumbered."

Mr. Sharkey shook his head, and murmured in a lackadaisical tone : "Unfortunately that is the case."

"And all the original mortgages have been bought up by a single encumbrancer?"

"Don't say 'bought up,'" Mr. Sharkey mildly protested ; "the term is misleading. Let us say 'tacked.'"

"Tacked!"

"Yes, let us say, this single encumbrancer or mortgagee has tacked the claims of prior mortgagees to his."

"Well, without getting lost in this legal jargon," Mr. Callanan observed, with a keen glance at the lawyer, "we may say that this single encumbrancer is virtually the sole creditor of Sir Annesley Moore?"

"Oh, really, Mr. Callanan, this is going a little too far," said the attorney. "You have, no doubt, advanced a very considerable sum of money to meet the necessities of this gentleman, but you can scarcely hold that you alone——"

"I *do* say that I have advanced it all," exclaimed Mr. Callanan, interrupting him. "The others have all forfeited their claims by transferring them to me."

"Well, let us say the greater part," returned Mr. Sharkey, with an air of mild resignation ; "to avoid argument, let us say the greater part. And that reminds me, Mr. Callanan, of another thing," he added, glancing curiously at his dark-browed client ; "I received a communication from Sir Annesley this very day."

"What was it about?" asked Mr. Callanan, abruptly.

"Have a little patience, my dear sir," said Mr. Sharkey, infusing, as it were, an unusual quantity of sugar into his voice. "I was about to explain when you interrupted me. It is a matter of considerable importance. As I was just observing, I received a communication to-day—from our friend, shall I say?——"

"Don't say any such thing," cried Mr. Callanan ; "he is no friend of mine."

"From Sir Annesley Moore," the attorney went on, with a little confusion—"a communication to the effect that circumstances—ah!—in short—to the effect that——"

"Well, what is it he wants?" Mr. Callanan again interposed.

"The fact is, as you are probably aware, Mr. Callanan, Sir Annesley has, of late, become even more—ah!—embarrassed than before."

"Then he wants more money, I suppose?" said Mr. Callanan, with a look of rigid sternness.

"What an amazing capacity for business you have, Mr. Callanan!" exclaimed the attorney with great suavity. "Your conjecture is quite correct."

"How much does he want?" asked Mr. Callanan, coolly, with-

out appearing in the slightest degree to heed the attorney's flattery.

"Well, it is rather a considerable sum—three thousand pounds," Mr. Sharkey blandly returned.

"Oh, the proud beggars!" cried Mr. Callanan, with sudden fierceness. "They live upon our wealth, and then pretend to patronize us. They boast of their aristocratic blood, and yet they have not the independence or the energy of common men. They are very proud, but they are powerless. When they are strong, they are tyrants; but when they are weak, they are slaves."

Mr. Sharkey watched this outburst of violence with some curiosity. He was not a very imaginative man; but he was not altogether devoid of inventive power. He paused for a few moments, as if he were exercising his faculty of conception, in order to discover the secret cause of Mr. Callanan's hostility to the Moores. At length, he even ventured to express some of his thoughts aloud: "*You* have no great reason to like Sir Annesley, I believe, Mr. Callanan?"

Mr. Callanan eyed the lawyer with a rapid glance of suspicion. "What do you mean?" he asked, sternly.

Mr. Sharkey looked askance at his strange client, like one who feels himself in close proximity to a wild animal. "Oh! don't lose your temper, my dear Mr. Callanan," he said, deprecatingly. "I only suggested that Sir Annesley and yourself do not seem to be on very intimate terms with one another."

"I don't want his intimacy," returned Mr. Callanan. "He and I stand as widely apart as two opposite poles. Nature, class, interest—all the circumstances that influence men's lives—forbid, all sympathy between him and me. His success is my failure, and my failure is his success. But we are wandering, I am afraid Mr. Sharkey. You have told me about his necessities. He asks too much. You may write to him that he can have two thousand—no more. The estate will scarcely be value for the entire mortgage-money, I should think."

"Oh, don't say that," rejoined the lawyer; "it is, no doubt, very heavily burdened; but I trust it may not be necessary to consider the question in that light. It is painful to be forced to resort to a legal process, which would be so ruinous to Sir Annesley. There is still a slight possibility—only a possibility, I say, and that a slight one——"

"There can be no chance of his paying all," Mr. Callanan exclaimed, impetuously interrupting him. "It is utterly impossible."

Mr. Sharkey rubbed his chin contemplatively.

"Well, after all," he murmured, sweetening his voice with an additional supply of sugar; "it is rather a touching picture to see an old family——"

"Come, come, Mr. Sharkey! let us have none of this false sentiment," said Mr. Callanan, with that abruptness which characterized him whenever he lost his self-restraint; "you know it is not of the slightest consequence to you what becomes of this old family. I should think, if anything, it will be rather a gain to you."

"Oh! what a hard view of life you take, my dear Mr. Callanan," the attorney muttered with a plaintive smirk. "Surely you are not so entirely devoid of feeling as your words would lead a person to think."

"This is a matter of business," returned Mr. Callanan, "and I don't pretend to feel sympathy where it would be unnatural. You may be able to love a man while you are treating him like an enemy. I can't."

"Well, I respect your feelings, Mr. Callanan," said the attorney, with his usual placid smile. "You are a man that can feel deeply, I believe."

"Have you anything more to say?" asked Mr. Callanan, who seemed to regard the lawyer's last remark as a mere effusion of professional sentimentality. "I have business to attend to, and therefore I can afford to lose no time in idle talk."

"May I make a single observation, Mr. Callanan?" said Mr. Sharkey, with mild seriousness. "A certain odium attaches to a legal process in the nature of an ejectment or an execution; and I don't wish to incur unpopularity, if it can be avoided. For example, in the case of Squire Donovan, whom you—relieved, shall I say?—by lending him money through me, as your agent."

"What about him?" inquired Mr. Callanan, impatiently shrugging his shoulders.

"He married Sir Annesley Moore's sister."

"What is that to me?" asked Mr. Callanan, evasively.

"Possibly it may not bear upon the question," rejoined the lawyer; "but this much is within the knowledge of both of us, that before the squire's marriage you had nothing to do with him. It was only when the unhappy alliance—for so I must consider it—between Squire Donovan and Miss Julia Moore took place, that you authorized me to lend money to him on your account."

"You did not give him to understand that I was his real creditor?" asked Mr. Callanan suddenly.

"Oh, no—but to return. When Squire Donovan's property—which was not very large, as you are aware—was sold to pay his debts a year ago, I incurred all the odium attaching to the affair; and the squire, who is a very troublesome person to deal with, had the audacity to send me a challenge to a duel."

"But could you not deal with him legally?" Mr. Callanan asked. "I mean could you not have him punished?"

"The remedies afforded by the law in such cases are not very effectual, Mr. Callanan. Besides, one does not like to be publicly accused—you know there is a prejudice of this kind unfortunately prevailing in society—to be publicly accused of—ah!—of cowardice."

"It was, of course, very disagreeable to be troubled by the fellow in this way," returned Mr. Callanan, growing every minute more impatient; "but lawyers should know how to get out of difficulties."

"It is easy to say that, Mr. Callanan," observed the attorney; "but there is a legal maxim that 'those who take the profit should bear the burden,' and you were an interested party in Squire Donovan's affair."

"Well, at any rate, that is all over now," said Mr. Callanan, rising from his seat. "I cannot wait any longer. You can write to Moore, and inform him of my proposal, but I need scarcely tell you not to mention my name in the matter."

"Of course, as in the case I have just referred to, that is an understanding between yourself and your humble servant, Mr. Callanan," replied the lawyer obsequiously. "I have always looked upon these little transactions between us in a confidential light. As I have informed you, I have even borne some inconvenience to accommodate you, Mr. Callanan. So, then, you are going? Will you take nothing—a glass of wine even—before you go? Nothing! Well, then, good-day, my dear Mr. Callanan."

Muttering a cold "Good-day!" with his usual sullen reserve, Mr. Callanan left the house.

When he had gone, the attorney sighed wearily, and filled out a glass of wine, which he drank off at a draught. Then, putting aside some of the papers with which the table was garnished, he hastened to write a reply to Sir Annesley Moore's letter.

"This will reach him to-morrow," he murmured softly; "it will give him time to sleep over his difficulties. He will be very glad to get the two thousand. I wonder would he like to know that the help comes from Callanan? Perhaps he would not take it if he did. However, I doubt whether he could very easily live upon family pride. A drowning man will catch at a straw, even though the straw won't save him. Sir Annesley at present is something very like a drowning man; and what's the straw? The two thousand pounds."

Mr. Sharkey laughed at his own joke, poured out another glass of wine and drank it off with as much gusto as he had drunk the first. Then taking off the handkerchief that was tied around his head, and putting on a tall white hat, he left the house and proceeded at a rapid pace towards the post-office to deposit there the letter he had written.



## CHAPTER X.

THE interest which Miss Quain's character had excited in Charles Callanan's mind soon ripened into genuine admiration. There was something in her placid dignity, her deep sense of duty, and her gentle ways, that seemed, in spite of the distinctions of society, to raise her above all those who surrounded her. Charles had acknowledged in his letter to his sister that he had been deeply impressed by Miss Quain's interesting history. But he might have added that he had begun to look upon Miss Quain herself with a sense of reverence somewhat akin to the feeling with which we regard those who are far higher and nobler than ourselves. Her connection with literature, slight as it was, and unimportant as she herself seemed to consider it, gave a kind of additional interest to her career, in the eyes of one who regarded genius with the most ardent enthusiasm. He had asked her a few times to show him something she had written; but she appeared to be exceedingly diffident about these "attempts," as she always called them, "They have no ripeness or vigour of thought in them," she would say. However, yielding at length to his earnest request to be shown any of her productions, however simple, she handed him, one night as he was retiring to his room, a small manuscript, bound with a blue riband.

"It is a mere trifle," she said; "but I think it was written from the heart."

Charles, when he reached his bedchamber, untied the manuscript with impatient curiosity, spread it out with some care, and eagerly read its contents. It was a simple legend, with that supernatural halo around it which belongs distinctively to the Middle Ages.

## "TWO SISTERS AND THEIR ANGELS."

"In the days when chivalry still dwelt upon the earth, and the pure simplicity of faith was still unsullied by doubt, two little sisters entered this mortal life together, in one of the loveliest regions of a lovely southern land. These twin-sisters were called Ida and Angela. Their father was a great nobleman, with many possessions in this rich southern land, while their mother was a beautiful lady, descended from a proud old English family; and they dwelt in a grand old castle that looked out upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean. In many ways these two sisters were very like one another; but they differed very much both in the hue and in the expression of their features. Angela was more soft-eyed, more gentle, and more delicately framed. Ida had dark skin, and glittering black eyes, and was very passionate, both in her joys and in her sorrows. As the golden years rolled on, the hearts of these two little sisters became, as it were, knit into

one heart by love. They could not bear to be separated from one another for one short hour. They played and laughed, and wept together, by day; and at night they slept together with their little arms clasped tenderly around each others' necks. Together they wandered through the fields, and gathered fresh garlands of flowers. Together they gazed with mingled awe and rapture upon the restless waves of the sea as they broke in silver ripples upon the shore.

"One beautiful day in summer, when the clustering vines were bending beneath their fruitful burden, and the air was fragrant with the odour of a thousand blossoms, these two children—then only six years old—walked along together, arm-in-arm, under the azure sky unflecked by even the shadow of a cloud.

"How lovely is this earth!" cried Ida, her young heart swelling with joy. 'Is it not sad, Angela, that we cannot live for ever on this beautiful earth?'

"Angela gazed at her sister with her soft blue eyes; and a shadow seemed to darken her fair young face.

"But could we be truly happy, dear sister,' she asked, 'if we were never to die?'

"Oh! surely, Angela,' cried Ida, her dark eyes glowing with emotion, 'we could never be happier than we are now.'

"But is there not a fairer land than this beyond the clouds?' asked Angela.

"We have heard of such a land, indeed,' replied Ida, glancing for a moment at the azure sky above them; 'but we have never seen that beautiful land, dear Angela.'

"Angela listened with a strange feeling of sadness to her sister's words of doubt, and the shadow on her fair young face seemed to grow darker.

"But is there not sorrow on this earth, Ida?' she said, at length, looking mildly into her sister's flashing eyes. 'Are there not people who utter many bitter sighs, and shed many vain tears, and cry out in their misery that they are weary of the world?'

"But these must be very wicked people,' cried her sister, 'and they do not deserve to be happy, for their wickedness brings them sorrow. We shall never be like them, dear Angela. We can never grow weary of the world while we are together, for we love one another too dearly to feel what sorrow is.'

"And does love, then, banish sorrow from the world?' asked Angela, with the shadow still on her face.

"Yes, surely, Angela; where love is, sorrow can never come,' said Ida.

"Angela said no more, but walked by her sister's side in dreamy silence.

"That night, while the sisters lay sleeping side by side, Angela had a vision of a wondrous land, where the air seemed to be

trembling with strains of most delicious music that filled her very soul with ecstasy, and where, though there was no sun, no moon, no stars, no night, no day, there was spread over everything a golden glory that seemed to dispel every shade of darkness, and every breath of sorrow. And this land did not appear to derive its beauty from azure skies, or clustering vines, or odorous flowers. It seemed only to be filled with one harmonious life, and one transcendent joy, and the loveliest things ever seen by mortal eyes seemed here to be absorbed in a higher and purer loveliness, as if they had been only the body, and were now transfigured into the living soul of beauty. But it was neither the songs of the angels, nor the unearthly beauty of their shining faces, that seemed sweetest to the child's enraptured soul: it was the air of unspeakable holiness that surrounded her on every side, and made her whole being tremble into adoration.

"When Angela awoke from her dream, she saw her sister lying awake, gazing at the sunshine that poured its radiance through their chamber window.

"O, Ida!" she cried, her young heart still throbbing with the rapture of the vision, 'speak to me no more about the loveliness of this earth, for I have seen a far more beautiful world.'

"What was it like?' asked Ida, turning round, and looking at her sister with some surprise.

"I could not tell you, indeed, dear sister,' replied Angela; 'but I know it was a place where sorrow can never come, and where there is no death.'

"But this is only a dream,' said Ida, incredulously.

"It was only a dream, perhaps, Ida; and yet I am sure I shall soon really behold the beautiful land that I saw in my dream.' As the child uttered these words, the shadow on her face deepened.

"In the days that followed, a great change came over Angela. She grew paler and sadder, and the shadow on her face seemed to grow darker and darker. She cared no longer for play. She seemed to have lost all the pleasure she once experienced in gathering the fairest flowers, and weaving them into tiny chaplets. She still loved, indeed, to gaze upon the rippling waves; but the sight of them seemed only to make her pensive and restless.

"One tranquil day in autumn, she and Ida were walking quietly together along the beach. Ida talked and laughed with all the wild freedom of childhood; but her sister seemed strangely silent and thoughtful.

"Why are you so silent, sister?' asked Ida. 'You seem to be growing weary of the world, like the people you spoke to me about not long since.'

"Strange things have come into my mind of late,' replied Angela, with a quiet smile. 'When I listen to the waves. I think I hear them murmur, "for ever."'

"'But that is a mere fancy,' said Ida.

"'It may be a fancy,' said Angela, dreamily; 'and yet I know it tells me I am going to the beautiful land where sorrow can never come, and where there is no death.'

"'And how shall you go there?' asked Ida, curiously.

"'I shall die,' said Angela, quietly; 'and then I shall go to the beautiful land for ever.'

"'Oh, it is a dreadful thing to die!' Ida exclaimed, with a shudder.

"'I am not afraid of death,' replied Angela; 'for I know I cannot see that lovely land unless I die.'

"Ida gazed at her sister, and saw that the shadow on her face had grown even darker than before.

"'And shall we never see one another again, Angela?' she cried, with tears in her eyes.

"'We shall, indeed, dear Ida; and when I die shall love you more than ever,' said Angela; and there was a tender light in her soft blue eyes as she spoke.

"'And who has told you that you are going there so soon?' asked Ida.

"'Shall I tell you, dear sister?' cried Angela, flinging her arms around Ida's neck and kissing her: 'it is my angel.'

"So Angela pined away like a fair but fragile blossom that withers in the spring-time; and ere another summer had come, her spirit had left the earth. Ida wept over her dead sister with passionate grief, and in the wildness of her young sorrow, she said that all her happiness was buried in the grave with Angela.

"But time changes our hearts, and sorrow loses its power, when the revolving years have brought us strange faces and new emotions. Ida grew up tall and beautiful, and proud; and amid the enjoyments and distractions of her girlhood, she rarely thought of her fair little sister who had died long ago. Yes, strange as it may appear, her early companion seemed almost as unreal as the vain phantom of a dream. Ida loved life and its pleasures with all the strength of her passionate nature, and she strove to banish every trace of sorrow from her heart, believing that joy and hope were far better than despondency and regret.

"But ere many years had passed, another great sorrow came to overshadow her happiness. A terrible war invaded the fair land of her birth; and her father, who loved his country better than his life, went forth to meet the advancing foe. Day after day, her mother silently watched and waited for her lord's return; night after night, she and her only child prayed that he might not fall in the deadly fight. At length, almost a year after the time when this terrible war had begun, a messenger arrived one night with the dreadful tidings that this noble lord had been slain in battle. Then, for the first time since she had lost her little sister, Ida felt her heart overflowing with grief. But an unseen spirit

seemed to chide her for her selfish sorrow, and point reproachfully towards her weeping mother; and Ida, filled with remorse, felt that, absorbed as she had been in her own grief, she had cruelly disregarded the anguish of other hearts. So she dried her own fruitless tears, and strove to soothe her mother's deeper sorrow.

"Time teaches us forgetfulness, even when it fails to heal our hearts' sorest wounds; and so it was with Ida's mother. A quiet melancholy settled upon her spirit. She lived as if but one link connected her with this earth—her only child. Thus, with all the patient care that springs from sorrow, and with all the intense energy that springs from love, she devoted what remained of her life to her daughter's happiness. And Ida now found her mother more gentle, more thoughtful, more tenderly affectionate than she ever found her before. But the girl's heart was wayward, and she often sighed when she thought of the beautiful world that lay around her. She grew weary of the monotony of love, and longed for the wild ecstasy of freedom. And one day she said to her mother:—

"Oh, how I long, dear mother, to see all the lovely things of this earth! for when I leave it, I suppose, I shall see it no more." And her mother, who found a delight in gratifying every whim of the girl's idle fancy, resolved to show her all that was marvellous and beautiful in this world. So, for a whole year they travelled, visiting many strange climes, and seeing the manners of various nations. Sometimes they found themselves amid regions of eternal snow, where the lofty mountains seemed to pierce the clouds with their stern white crests; sometimes in the midst of the multitudinous life of some great Continental city. At last they reached England, where Ida's mother had first seen the light—the England of those olden days when the Virgin Mother was honoured in every household, and her praises sung in every cathedral choir. And a change came over the lady's heart when she reached the home of her childhood. She wept as she gazed upon the white cliffs of England, that seem to repel the surging waves with proud defiance. As they touched the shore, she said, with a fresh outburst of tears, 'I have come to see my native land once more before I die.' And Ida was startled by these words, and kissing her mother affectionately, tried to dispel these gloomy forebodings. They spent a few months in England, and then they sailed away. As her mother gazed upon the receding land, she wept once more, and exclaimed, 'Farewell, dear England! I shall never see you again.' And Ida's eyes were filled with tears, as she listened to her mother's ominous words.

"Was it the unseen Spirit that whispered to the girl's undisciplined heart: 'Be patient! for you must bear it all?' Perhaps Ida did not perceive the warning; perhaps she did not hearken

to the mysterious words. But those faint whispers from the spirit-world come sometimes to us all ; and we heed them not, as though they were the vainest dreams.

"They returned to the lovely southern land where Ida was born ; and once more they entered the grand old castle that looked out upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Ida's mother had not grown stronger after the year of travel. She was paler than before, and a deep shadow lay upon her quiet face. And now a strange sensation took possession of the girl's heart ; for she remembered how the same shadow had fallen upon her little sister's face, long ago, before she died. On the night after their return, Ida, filled with a passionate longing to save her dear mother from death, knelt down in the silence of her chamber, and prayed long and fervently. And while she prayed, the unseen Spirit seemed to whisper once more : 'Be patient ! for you must bear it all.' Then Ida, with passionate eagerness, as if she wished to drown this whispering voice, cried out :—

"Oh, I am very unhappy !—I wish not to be left alone. Surely, the merciful God will not leave me alone in this world !"

"Suddenly the room seemed to be filled with some delicious perfume, and Ida thought she heard a sound like the rustling of soft garments. Glancing quickly around, she beheld by her side a beautiful child—not, indeed, like an earthly child, but wearing a golden aureola around her head, and shining wings upon her shoulders. Ida gazed at the Angel with speechless wonder. That form, beatified and immortal as it was, seemed not to be entirely strange to her. Those soft blue eyes—that fair young face—those sweet little golden tresses—seemed to link themselves strangely with her mortal life. Oh, marvellous transformation ! Was this the little sister who had played with her in bygone years, and gathered with her fresh garlands of flowers, and gazed with her upon the restless waves of the sea ? Speechless with amazement, Ida remained motionless upon her knees, still gazing at this celestial form.

"The Angel seemed to lay a shining hand on Ida's head ; and those words reached the ears of the kneeling girl :—

"Have I not kept my promise, dearest sister ? Do you remember how I told you long ago that I would love you more than ever when I reached the beautiful land ? And oh, how I have loved you, dearest Ida ! How often have I watched over you when your heart was growing wild and restless, and when you had forgotten the days of our happy childhood ! How often have I stood between you and the dark shadow of sin—far darker and deadlier than the shadow that hung over me in the days gone by, and that now hangs over our dearest mother !—"

"And what shadow is that ?" asked Ida, with a look of terror.

"THE SHADOW OF DEATH," replied the Angel.

"Oh, save her, dearest Angela!—sweet angel-sister, save her!" cried Ida, wildly. "You must love her as dearly as I do; and now you know I have nobody left to love but her. Oh! how can I live alone on earth?"

"Ah, sister; dear, dear sister!" said the Angel, "surely you have loved this earth too much! How often have I heard you praise its loveliness! How often have I heard you doubt whether a lovelier world exists! How often have you said that you hated the very thought of death, and would gladly endure your mortal life for ever! Ah, sister, believe me, death is not so very terrible as you imagine. Sometimes it comes to us like an angel of light, and brings before us the blessed vision of eternal joy. You remember how, when you saw me growing cold to all that seemed to you lovely on this earth—when you saw the shadow gathering around me—you pitied me very much, thinking that my fate was a very sad one? You did not know, dearest Ida, that the Angel of Death had only come to lead me away to the beautiful land."

"And is it the Angel of Death that comes for our dear mother now?" asked the kneeling girl, who had listened to these words with bated breath. While Ida was speaking, the spirit seemed to fade away from her sight; but through the perfumed air was breathed this soft reply:—"I am the angel that comes to bear her away to the beautiful land."

"Next morning, Ida arose with a changed heart. When she had finished her matin prayers, she left her room and inquired about her mother. The servants spoke evasively, as though they wished not to excite her emotions; but it was impossible to hide the truth. The awful calmness on every face, the force of her own consciousness, and the strange vision of the previous night—all seemed to point towards one conclusion: her mother was dead!

"Ida could not restrain her tears when she gazed upon her mother's pallid features—those eyes which in this world, at least, should never again shed upon her their kindly light—those lips which were for ever sealed with the terrible seal of death. 'O darling, darling mother!' she exclaimed, passionately kissing the poor pale face, 'how shall I live without you? The world is to me now a mere wilderness.' Scarcely had she uttered these words when the child-angel—her dead sister's spirit—whispered softly in her ear:—

"Abandon the world, then. You loved it too well: you have found it a wilderness. Forsake it, and devote your life to God!"

"Ida felt her soul suddenly moved by an irresistible impulse. Casting herself on her knees beside the dead body of her mother, she clasped her hands together, and cried:—

"Kneeling here by the ruin of my last earthly hope, I devote my life for evermore to the GOD who has preserved me in my



weakness, sustained me in my sorrow, and sent His angel to chasten me in the hour of my sinful pride.' . . .

"Many years after, in a peaceful convent, hidden from the outer world by a dense and flowering wood, an aged nun lay dying. So rigidly austere, so full of noble self-sacrifice, had been her religious life, that the sisters, who knelt around her, instead of praying for her soul, only besought her intercession when she should reach her radiant home in the skies. Sister Angela—such was her name in religion—smiled sweetly as they came, one by one, to clasp her dying hand, and blest them with pious tenderness.

"'Oh, how unworthy I am!' she cried—'I who was so selfish and so vain, that I would surely have been lost in the miserable world I loved so well, had not an angel saved me.'

"The nuns gazed at her with wondering faces. 'Dear Sisters,' she continued, 'that angel once lived with me upon this earth. We played as children together. We were one in heart and soul while she lived. She was a mortal then: she is an angel now. Farewell!—I go to join my angel.'

"As her spirit fled, a beautiful child with a golden aureola around her head, and shining wings upon her shoulders, appeared by her side, and softly whispered: 'Come away, dearest sister! Come away to the beautiful land!'

"And her spirit rushed out to meet the Angel, and together they soared up to the throne of God."

When Charles had read the tale, he looked curiously at the simple autograph on the last page—"Mary Quain."

"Surely," he thought, as he refolded the manuscript, and tied the blue riband around it again, "this is the outpouring of a virgin heart! May not a poem, or a picture, or a tale, contain within itself the essence of the soul from whose depths it was evolved? And do I not find in this simple story high conceptions, warm sympathies, and delicate fancies that must have had their source in the fountain of purity itself?"

That night, when the chain of consciousness that bound his spirit down to the small details of life was snapped asunder, Charles found himself in many terrible perils by sea and land—now toppling over some dizzy precipice—now dying of some loathsome disease—now lying wounded in furious battle—now plunged into the depths of the ocean—now starving on some lonely island; but always rescued from death by one brave, self-devoted woman, who dragged him back from the fatal gulf, healed his wretched distemper, drew him forth uninjured from the bottom of the sea, and brought him food in his famished solitude. How strange it was that this ministering angel should be—Mary Quain!

*(To be continued.)*

## A COURT WIT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the historic fane where the bones of the sainted confessor-king (and of some of his successors who were neither saints nor confessors) are reverently enshrined—where storied urns, sculptured trophies, and heraldic devices perpetuate the memory of achievements that heightened the lustre of noble birth, and of others, nobler by their deeds than birth or blood could make them—in this “God’s acre,” where, despite incongruous surroundings, the Catholic genius of the spot still seems to “breathe a benison o’er the sleeping dust,” and the solemn stillness is only broken at intervals by the sounds that float through Gothic windows and open doors—sounds of the busy life of the busiest city in the world, for the full tide of metropolitan traffic sweeps past the Abbey—the loiterer among the tombs, as he paces the cloister side of the nave, may notice among the mortuary slabs a mural tablet, informing him that here lies Charles de Saint Denis, Seigneur de Saint Evremond, who, when in the flesh, boasted of noble Norman blood; in early life joined the armies of France under Condé, Turenne, and other illustrious captains, and, giving proof of his loyalty and valour, rose to the grade of *maréchal-de-camp*; cultivated philosophy and literature, polishing, adorning, and enriching the French language; and, having gained the praise and applause of everybody, died on the 9th of September, 1703, at the patriarchal age of ninety. In the estimation of his mourning friends, who erected this tablet, he was the most distinguished of contemporary writers; but their immediate posterity have long since reversed this too partial verdict, and he whom they styled “*vir clarissimus inter præstantiores ævi sui scriptores*,” is now rarely quoted.

Of an old Norman stock, tracing its descent from Sanctus Evermundus, Abbot of Fontenay-sur-Orne, in the Bessin, who lived in the seventh or eighth century, and whose relics are preserved at Creil, near Paris, he belonged to the old French *noblesse*. His long span of life takes in one of the most eventful periods in the history of Europe. Born on the 1st of April, 1613, at Saint-Denis-le-Guast, near Coutances, and sent to Paris in 1622 to commence his education, he entered early in life that great centre of intellectual and political activity—that great arena upon which the eyes of Europe have been so often riveted with absorbing interest. After four years at the Jesuits’ College of Clermont, under the Père Cannaye, and one year at the University of Caen, he returned to Paris in 1627, and, having completed his course of philosophy at the College of Harcourt,

was deep in the study of law when the taking of Rochelle broke the political power of the Calvinist party, and crowned with success one of Richelieu's life-labours. It was a warlike age, and the young Norman noble quickly caught the spirit of the time. With the characteristic ardour of a Frenchman, he threw himself into the ranks that then constituted the most victorious army in Europe; was present at the sieges of Landrecies and Arras, and the taking of Dunkirk, and took part in the battles of Fribourg and Nortlingen, where he was wounded, and his troop almost entirely cut to pieces. Shortly after came the Fronde, that dance of death, in which Frenchmen, after fighting the foreigner, turned their swords against each other—an episode in history destined to repeat itself more than two centuries later. But St. Evremond, although something of a scoffer, was no *frondeur*. He refused the command of the artillery, offered him by the Duc de Longueville, who, in the outbreak of the civil war, had returned to his government of Normandy, whither St. Evremond repaired in 1649. The event showed his sagacity. The following year the princes were arrested and imprisoned at Vincennes, and, for his adherence to the court party, St. Evremond was rewarded with the commission of *maréchal-de-camp*, and a pension of 3,000 livres. But St. Evremond soon after had the misfortune to offend Mazarin by his caustic wit, which procured him the *entrée* of the Bastille, a distinction he would no doubt have gladly declined. After two or three months' detention in that gloomy prison-fortress, he crossed over to Flanders, where he served until an armistice between France and Spain was signed; and then returned to Paris, to mingle in the frivolities of the gayest and most brilliant court in Europe. Having again fallen under the displeasure of the first minister, speedy flight barely saved him from pining out the remainder of his days in the dreaded Bastille. He sought and found a safe asylum in London, whither he had previously accompanied the embassy sent by the French king to congratulate Charles II. on his restoration. His reputation as a wit and cavalier, and one of the *beaux esprits* of the French court, had preceded him, and readily procured him access to what was euphemistically termed "good society." English society was then beginning to throw off the rigid restraints imposed by sad-visaged Puritans during the Commonwealth, and to adopt the ease and freedom of living introduced by the merry monarch and his dissolute court. Among the court wits of the Restoration period with whom he renewed acquaintance were, the variously-gifted, but ill-fated Duke of Buckingham—

"A man so various that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;"

Lord D'Aubigny, son of the Earl of March, a Canon of Notre

Dame, who was subsequently raised to the cardinalate, but died a few hours after the Papal courier arrived with the *biretta*; that staunch loyalist and *chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche*, the Duke of Ormond; Lord Arlington, one of the famous (or infamous) Cabal ministry; and the Earl of St. Albans, Lord Chancellor to Queen Henrietta. He seems also to have mixed much in the society of the professional *litterateurs* and *savants* of that epoch; the poets Cowley and Waller, and the speculative writers, Sir Kenelm Digby and Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury. At this time Hobbes was writing his "History of the Causes of the Civil Wars in England," and Waller, like a modern Tityrus, making the woods of Penshurst resound with the praises of Sacharissa, and celebrating the "happy restoration of King Charles" in that melodious verse which so pleased Clarendon's critical ear, and in which he showed his versatility as a courtier no less than as a poet. The rollicking Rochester, following the bad example of his sovereign—that "merry monarch, scandalous and poor"—was "blazing out his youth and his wealth in lavish voluptuousness;" and that sweet songster, Sedley—who

"Bloomed in the winter of his days  
Like Glastonbury thorn,"

and helped to make King James's daughter a queen, as the king had made his daughter a countess—was ravishing all ears with his enchanting lyrics. Milton was composing his great epic, to be given to the world five years later by Simmons, the bookseller; while Dryden was aiding Sir William Davenant in raising the character of the British stage—*quantum mutatus ab illo!*—before he set about improving the poetical diction of his native language in those trenchant satires that for *verve* and vigour have never been surpassed. Cowley was attracting readers by his pointed wit and Pindaric art; Wycherley's popular plays were superseding those of Beaumont and Fletcher; Bunyan, in a cell in Bedford jail, was evolving, from the depths of his inner consciousness, that strange allegory that was to preserve from oblivion the still stranger story of its author's life; Butler was carefully revising his inimitable burlesque until, finished to the pruned nail, it was all that grotesque fancy, keen wit, and quaint diction could make it; Andrew Marvel, the patriotic member for Hull, was acquiring more distinction by his sturdy refusal of a place at court and the gift of a thousand pounds, offered him by Charles II., than by his poetry; Locke's leisure from public duties was devoted to the slow moulding and maturing of his work on the human understanding; while the diarists, Evelyn and Pepys, shrewdly observant of the men and manners around them, were jotting down their quaint gossiping chronicles in which are preserved "the very age and body of the time," its

form and pressure. St. Evremond, amid these congenial surroundings, whiled away his days of exile in cultivating a reputation as a fashionable *litterateur*—a court wit, who occasionally condescended to dabble in literature at a time when wit-writing was much in vogue, throwing off, *currente calamo*, essays “for private circulation only,” until compelled to exchange for a time this agreeable lettered ease for a sojourn in a country not quite so well adapted to his French tastes—the dull, watery waste of the land of Cuyp. The atmosphere of London, at all times more or less murky, had become surcharged with those noxious vapours that heralded the great plague, the horrors of which are so graphically described in Defoe’s thrilling narrative. St. Evremond hastened to the Hague, where he remained while the pestilence decimated London, turning the city into a vast charnel-house, returning four years after the great fire had swept away four hundred streets and thirteen thousand houses.

St. Evremond was much struck with the simplicity of manners and comparative purity of morals in Holland, where, according to his showing, there was much democratic freedom but little democratic licence. They were not all like the heavy boors who glance at us with Bacchanalian leer from the canvas of Brauwer and Teniers, smoking huge clay pipes, and quaffing deep draughts of sluggish lager-beer, but sturdy, home-bred burghers, who,

“When the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote,”

held their ground for thirty-seven years against the ablest general of his age. Old courtier as he was, and at a time when courts were not the purest places in the world, and “the fierce light that beats upon a throne,” whenever its rays penetrated beyond the outer precincts, must have revealed many ugly blots on royal escutcheons, he still notes as a healthy feature in Dutch society, “a certain reservedness, and a tradition of chastity handed down from mother to daughter like an article of faith”—a social virtue conspicuous by its absence in the higher grades of society both in England and France at that period.

For change of scene he moves into Flanders, stopping at Breda, where the peace between England and Holland was being negotiated; and, having visited Brussels, Liège, and Spa, returns to the Hague, content to live “in a nation where pleasures are scarce,” and “finding a languishing amusement in the contemplation of the grave Dutch virtues,” until the English king, having settled a pension upon him, he returned to London in 1670, to pay court to Hortensia Mancini at her villa in Chelsea, the rendezvous of all the wits and witlings of both sexes. Chelsea was then a suburban village, remarkable for the salubrity of its atmosphere; for, as yet, town had not extended its fashionable frontiers so far westward; and some miles of fresh

green verdure and umbrageous trees, vocal with the songs of birds and redolent of the country odours of milky kine and new-mown hay, separated Madame de Mazarin from the crowded streets of the busy city. "The fine air of Chelsea and the repose of solitude," he says in one of his notes to her, "leave no room to doubt either of your health or of the tranquillity of your mind." Madame, however, was no lover of solitude, and varied "the innocent diversions of the country" with town gossip and town amusements. The *femmes savantes* who formed the duchess's coterie, occasionally resolved themselves into a "school for scandal," and talked of the sayings and doings at Charles's masquerading Court, which reached them in this *rus-in-urbe* retreat without the emendations of the Court-newsman's abstract and brief chronicle; for, as yet, that functionary did not form part of the appanage of royalty, his office being filled, with more advantage to history if less to the edification of posterity, by Pepys, Evelyn, Clarendon, and Grammont. "Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite beyond it," like Tennyson's garden, many-tongued Rumour must have borne to their ears what was being said at Whitehall on the marriage of the Prince of Orange to Lady Mary, the heiress-apparent to the crown of England (for the Duke of York had no male issue), and of the Prince's "sullenness and clownishness;" of the dangerous counsels of the Cabal ministry, then indulging in dreams of an impossible absolutism; of the bribery resorted to by Louis XIV. to further his ambitious schemes; of the quarrel between the two Houses of Parliament and between the Court and the city; the violent discontents prevailing throughout the nation; the efforts of Lauderdale to extinguish the embers of the late insurrection of the Covenanters in the north, and of plots and counter-plots brewing in the south—meal-tub plots and Rye-house plots, and plots with still more daring designs in embryo, and which brought the heads of peers and plebeians to the block. Nor were topics of lesser moment to the world at large, but of greater interest to female ears, quite forgotten, such as the opera and the latest fashions in patches and perukes. Conversation generally gave place to *paille-maille* on the lawn or basset in the boudoir; for the duchess was passionately addicted to gambling, then one of the dominant vices of a society that had few virtues to boast of. Play was followed by "the best repasts in the world," where one might see "everything that came from France for the delicate, and all that came from the Indies for the curious." In this way the aged Sybarite—for the football of Time had by this measured many paces in his journey towards that bourne whence no traveller returns—dissipated the *ennui* of exile, and enjoyed, or persuaded himself he enjoyed, life with Epicurean relish; spending the summer season at Windsor when the Court was there, or at some country seat; sometimes wishing himself back in France, and at

others felicitating himself at finding so much pleasure and enjoyment in England; moralizing in his serious, and trifling in his joyous moods—passing rapidly “from grave to gay, from lively to severe;” writing of what he calls love and gallantry to his younger friends, and entertaining their elders with sententious discourses on philosophy—a philosophy which has an *avant gout* of eighteenth century philosophism—stopping occasionally to register some moral reflection which looks as much out of place as a rare exotic would among docks and darnels; writing to Count d’Olonne, who had been banished from the French Court like himself for some political escape, about the pleasures of the table, in a strain that Brillat Savarin might have copied, and to the Duchess of Mazarin billets in which all the superlatives in the dictionary are exhausted in extolling her beauty; or, on more serious thoughts intent, inditing criticisms on ancient and modern authors, from the “morals” of Epicurus to the tragedies of Racine. Of his *modus vivendi* he gives a metrical sketch in a sonnet thus Englished:—

“Far from France my life I lead,  
Far from plenty, far from need;  
With my vulgar fate content,  
And the little heav’n has lent.”

The “little heav’n had lent” was reduced to less in 1685, when Charles II. died, and he lost his patron and his pension. Having declined the post of secretary to the Cabinet, tendered him by James II., and James’s short but feverish reign having become matter of history, and the revolution of 1688 having converted the young princeling, whose acquaintance St. Evremond had casually made in Holland, into a king, the old courtier and essayist, over whose whitening hairs eighty-five winters had passed, still continued to “go into society.” But the narrow social orbit in which Dutch William moved, was not the gay, frivolous, pleasure-loving society that crowded Charles’s *levées*, and threw the thin gauzy veil of wit and gallantry over vice and villainy, while it secretly laughed at public or private virtue. The dull decorum of the Stadtholder’s lugubrious court, although its stiff funereal etiquette savoured somewhat of *parvenu* royalty, had the negative merit of inducing an apparently stricter regard for the externals of propriety, albeit it was at best but the equivocal homage that vice pays to virtue. But the new sovereign was a stranger to English manners and customs, and spoke the language “inelegantly and with effort;” his life and throne were assailed by conspiracies at home and abroad; and, distrustful of those around him, he sought relief from the cares and dangers of a sovereignty perilously insecure, in a small social circle “where hardly an English face was to be seen.” Into this inner circle St. Evremond, being a foreigner, was admitted, and here he figured until, in 1689, he was



sent word that he might return and would be well received at Versailles. The permission came too late ; for a greater ruler of men than the Grand Monarque—more absolute than the most absolute of kings, and a greater leveller than the most democratic of democrats—was about to terminate his exile. In September, 1703, at the age of ninety years five months and twenty days, as Des Maizeaux with conscientious accuracy informs us, the old Court-wit who had passed so many years in courts and camps, and seen princes and lords by the score flourish and fade—who had seen, with perhaps something of regret and a touch of fellow-feeling, James II. pass into exile, and the successful adventurer who succeeded him, after a scarcely less troubled reign, laid beside his queen in the chapel reared by a Tudor monarch, while the sceptre again passed into the hands of a Stuart princess—who had nothing to bequeath the nation but his aged bones, was borne to his last resting-place amid the motley gathering of wits and warriors who cumber the hallowed ground once trodden by saints.

A minnow among the tritons of the Augustan age of French literature, St. Evremond may be ranked among the minor wits, the *dii minorum gentium* of a period singularly prolific in men of the first order of genius. As an essayist he appears to have modelled his style somewhat on that of Montaigne, as a satirist on that of Rochefoucault, and, *longo intervallo*, to have followed the inimitable De Sévigné in cultivating letter-writing as one of the fine arts. But he never concentrated his faculties, too much wasted upon trivialities, upon what could be called a sustained effort, unless his historical treatises, which Roux-Ferrand\* classes with those of Saint Réal and Vertot, who profited by the materials collected by Lipsius, Scaliger, Ducagne, Duchesne, Baluze, and Mabillon could be counted as such, and apparently with no more ambitious aim than to preserve an ephemeral reputation as a wit—then indispensable to the cultured man of fashion—varied the gay life of a courtier and *bon vivant* in writing essays and other detached pieces, in which, to please his own or his friends' fancies, he threw together his thoughts on various subjects. His best essays are those on the genius of the Romans under the Republic; his critical comparisons of Cæsar and Alexander, of Seneca, Plutarch and Petronius, of Sallust and Tacitus ; and his observations on the French historians, and on French, English, and Italian comedy. He wrote three comedies himself, one to satirize the French Academy, another to ridicule the French opera—although he was a great lover of music, having composed idyls, prologues, and other pieces sung at the Duchess of Mazarin's—and another in imitation of Ben Johnson's "Sir Politic-would-be," in which he depicts certain types of different

\* "Hist des Progres de la Civilisation in Europe," tome vi. p. 265.

nationalities ; but the slight estimation in which they were held is sufficiently indicated by their omission from the English edition of his works published in 1725. Des Maizeaux, who says he preserved to the last a lively imagination, solid judgment, and happy memory, has given us his portrait from the life in the dual character of a social philosopher condensing much worldly wisdom in terse epigrams and a Court-wit frittering much of his time away in frivolity and amusement, evolving from a brain in which healthier and better thoughts might have found a place, forced conceits and counterfeited passion. His writings are often marred by a too obvious leaning to the hideous epicurism of his age ; yet, underneath this superficial stratum of opinions, the reflex of those stirring in the minds and exemplified in the conduct of the men around him, one comes occasionally upon a vein of pure ore, which shows that the mind that could grasp such things, and formulate them in appropriate language, had something better and purer at bottom than the dross that lay upon the surface. "The ridicule he observed in mankind," says his biographer, "made him merry, and he loved to expose it by a fine pregnant raillery or by an ingenious irony." It was this that gave point and piquancy to his letters, which are, in the opinion of some critics—an opinion I do not at all share—among the best specimens of the epistolary style in French literature. We have his character also drawn by his own hand, in a letter to the Count de Grammont, in 1696 ; and his position in the world of letters has been defined by his contemporary, Dryden, who gives him credit for "not only a justness in his conceptions, which is the foundation of good writing, but also a purity of language and a beautiful turn of words so little understood by modern writers," besides a penetration which "generally dives into the very bottom of his authors, searches into the inmost recesses of their souls, and brings up with him those hidden treasures which had escaped the diligence of others." He pronounces his analysis of the character and actions of Alexander the Great "an admirable piece of criticism," and awards a qualified commendation to his observations on contemporary dramatists, which were marred by his using other men's eyes instead of his own, in determining the position of certain playwrights, "giving to some of our coarsest poets a reputation which they never had at home," and "transmitting those names into his own country," which Dryden says "will be forgotten by posterity in ours."

Parmentier and Kneller, by their enduring art, have preserved his strongly-marked features, so that those learned in the science of Lavater, who see, or fancy they can see, "the mind's construction in the face," can supply traits that may have been obliterated or overlooked in Des Maizeaux' pen-and-ink sketch of the old Court-wit's self-drawn portrait. Kneller, with a touch of the Court-painter's flattering pencil, has all but improved away the

ugly protuberance between the eyes,\* and rendered the satirical smile almost imperceptible ; while Parmentier represents him as he appeared in 1701, when age had ploughed deep furrows in his visage, and there was little left for flattery.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

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THE IRISH ANTIQUARY.

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Where forests waved by lonely lakes,  
In days long since gone by ;  
Where heather decks the peat-moss now,  
My buried treasures lie.

Turned over by the labourer's spade,  
They tell no tale to him.  
The dinted helm, the golden torque ;  
The spear-head, worn and dim ;

The cup of stone ; the brooch of bronze ;  
The leathern coat are here ;  
And silent lies the battle trump  
Beside the broken spear.

To me they have a magic voice ;  
In them the past speaks low,  
Of well-fought fields, and hopes forlorn,  
And by-gone beauty's glow.

Did Essex prize this coin that bore  
His royal lady's face ?  
Brought it to Spenser's poet-mind  
Great Gloriana's grace ?

How came to wild Hibernia's shores  
This clear-cut coin of Rome ?  
Did warriors link with it proud thoughts  
Of their imperial home ?

The rudely-fashioned, broken urn,  
Holds ashes of the dead ;  
Honoured by some wild, warlike tribe,  
Whose very name has fled.

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\* Twenty years before his death, a wen grew between his eyebrows ; but he was not otherwise ill-favoured, having "blue, sparkling eyes, a large forehead, handsome mouth, and an agreeable and ingenuous physiognomy."

I love to trace the mystic round,  
 Circling the cromlech stone ;  
 Where after war, and chase, and toil,  
 They laid the chief alone.

His faithful wolf-hound here they laid ;  
 Arrows of flint, and arms ;  
 A tress of bright Milesian hair ;  
 A string of amber charms.

And opened towards the eastern skies,  
 For that dark soul, a way  
 To unknown regions, far beyond  
 The golden gates of day.

Thus lives the voiceless past for me—  
 Old loves, old wars, old woes—  
 Whole centuries waken at a touch  
 From buried dull repose !

No marvel, then, that relics rude  
 Should hold me by their spell,  
 If such the dreams they conjure up,  
 And these the tales they tell.

M. W.

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## HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY C. W. CHRISTALL.

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### CHAPTER VII.—“NO MAN ESCAPETH WHO IS ONCE IN CHASE.”

FOR the intrepid missionary who put his hand to the plough in those perilous days, there was no looking back. Once entered upon the well-nigh hopeless task, not alone of winning back England to the faith, but also, and chiefly, of ministering to those who yet retained it, he found every avenue of retreat fast closed ; while before him loomed the prison and the scaffold, the almost inevitable goal to which he tended.

The abortive Gunpowder Plot had given a fresh impulse to the persecution. Magistrates were urged by proclamations and letters from the Privy Council to put the penal laws in execution with

unbending strictness ; and as a stimulant, liberal rewards, out of the property of convicted Papists, were held out to them. So fierce and unrelenting had the persecution become, that a London Jesuit, whose letter, intercepted by the agents of the Council, still exists, wrote that "the times of Elizabeth, although most cruel, were the mildest and happiest in comparison of those of James."

The boldness and exceptional abilities of the Jesuits had long since rendered them objects of suspicion and dread: and from the first they had been singled out from among the rest of the Catholic missionaries as the most ardent and fearless champions of the ancient creed. They were specially mentioned in every proclamation, and in every Act of Parliament concerning their cause. Driven by persecution to seek their necessary training and their orders abroad, they were straightway charged with instigating or leaguings with those Catholic sovereigns who befriended them, to compass the downfall of England ; every rancorous epithet that the language possessed was hurled at them, and their very name, which at least might have been respected, became a by-word and a reproach.

That the name of a certain Paul Gower has not been handed down to us in the meagre and imperfect records which have escaped destruction, is not singular ; but that the man lived and laboured in the early part of the seventeenth century is indubitable. His name, like that of every priest of the English mission, was assumed : disguise was indispensable, when the English students at Rome, Douai, and elsewhere, their age, appearance, and the like, were known with perfect accuracy to the Government ; and when Catholic recusants, and every scrap of intelligence that could be gleaned respecting them, were carefully noted in the reports furnished to the Council by vigilant and trustworthy spies.

Father Gower was driven by stress of circumstances to embrace the shelter accorded him by Ralph Shefford. So many ineffectual searches had been made for him in the city, in the country, in the mansions of the rich and in the hovels of the poor, that Rookesby, who had several times been most unaccountably foiled in his attempts to seize his prey, began to think that the Jesuit was in league with some of the wizards or witches who then attracted so much attention, and consequently bore a charmed life.

But, in fact, the priest owed his present security in great part to the circumstance to which Cuffe had alluded to his conversation with the spy. Shefford had in his early days been a determined recusant, and was more than suspected of frequently harbouring priests. He had incautiously boasted that no priest had ever been taken from his house, adding too, with a very meaning look, that none ever should be. At the time of his child's birth, a priest was residing there, and the intelligence reached one of the agents of

the Council. A pursuivant, with a body of men, was forthwith despatched to the saddler's; but Shefford had made good his boast, and the bird had flown. Enraged by their failure, the men behaved with reckless cruelty; not sparing even the room wherein Mistress Shefford lay seriously ill. Encouraged by his companions and inflamed with drink, Cuffe, who formed one of the party, rudely turned out the contents of chests and closets, and at last, with great violence, thrust his sword several times into the bed upon which the sick woman lay, under the pretence that she was concealing books or altar furniture, or some other prohibited articles. His brutality had a most unexpected result; for, with a sudden access of strength, Mistress Shefford, who had until then been lying half-dead with terror, rose from the couch in a state of ungovernable delirium; and the awe-stricken pursuivant fled the place in nervous horror, and filled with apprehension that the wild denunciations of the frenzied woman would instantly fall upon his devoted head.

It was long before she was entirely restored to bodily health; but her brain had been affected by the shock, and from that time forth she had been a silent, helpless creature, devoid of almost the faintest glimmer of reason. Chiefly for that reason, and, perhaps, from a feeling that they had gone beyond their warrant, the agents of the Council forbore to persecute the unfortunate saddler any farther, and directed their pursuit to other quarters.

In a small, plainly-furnished room, in the uppermost story of the house, Master Shefford was closeted with his guest. Upon the table between them lay a letter that the Jesuit had just finished, addressed to some one at Milan. It was one of the numerous communications made by him to the General of his Order: and which, escaping the fate of many productions of a similar nature, may have reached its destination, although it ran the usual imminent risk of being intercepted by the agents of the Privy Council. Cecil had no presentiment when he docketed these letters himself, and consigned them to the state archives, that he was hoarding up testimony against himself; still less could he foresee that this pernicious Order, that he was bent upon stamping out, would vindicate itself from the odium with which he sought to cover it, and give to the world, in days to come, these very documents, in proof of its own integrity, and of the nefarious means by which the new religion, "as by law established," achieved its bloodstained victory.

The Jesuit rarely ventured abroad in daylight; but once or twice the neighbours, catching a glimpse of the stranger, had grown inquisitive, but affected to be satisfied with the account that Shefford gave of his guest: although among themselves they winked and nodded mysteriously, hinting that merchant adventurers did not need to hide themselves so close within doors; and remarking further, that cloth was not the only merchandise im-

ported from the Netherlands and France, to which countries Master Paul Gower ostensibly traded.

At this moment Father Gower was looking somewhat troubled and anxious, as well he might be ; for the Puritan, grateful to the man who had befriended him, had called that evening to warn Shefford of the appearance of the pursuivant, and to tell him of the hints that Rookesby and his friend had incautiously allowed to escape them.

"I trust you do not intend to go out again this evening?" said Shefford.

"I must," said the priest, shrugging his shoulders. "And to tell you the truth, these frequent alarms render me somewhat callous. Time enough for me to take wing when we have learned something certain of the intentions of these men."

"They are not here for nothing," pursued Shefford ; "and from what I observed of their movements this afternoon, I feel certain that some one within this house is the object of their quest."

"I must not expose you to risk, dear friend," said the Jesuit. "Were I to be taken here, your punishment would be but little less than mine."

"Nay, do not think I would have you go on my account," said Shefford, with an injured look. "To have a priest in one's house is not a privilege often granted to a poor recusant ; and if you prize your safety but little, it is of moment to your flock. We have not so many priests left, that we can afford to lose one."

"You are right, Shefford," said the priest, after a moment's consideration. "Yes ; I will see about another shelter this very night. Possibly the appearance of these men is due to the new proclamation. It surprises me that I have not been discovered earlier."

"They have not interfered with me since they drove my poor wife mad," replied Shefford. "They seem content if I do but show myself at church now and then. I know you think it wrong," he added ; "but the archpriest, and many of the secular clergy hold that we may safely take the oath with a protestation ; and it is surely little worse to go to church with a protestation likewise."

"And the unfortunate archpriest is in prison!" replied the Jesuit. "That is the reward of his subserviency. The oath has been condemned by the Pope ; and that should satisfy a Catholic of its unlawfulness. Going to church and sharing their false worship for form's sake, and to make a show of obeying the law, are acts that breed indifference to the authority of the Catholic Church. It is paltering with sin ; and can only end in loss of souls."

"But I take no part in their worship," said Shefford ; "and if I proved obstinate, my wife and child might rot in a dungeon. I care little for myself but much for them."



"You have not heard then of the new Act?" said the priest, enquiringly. "It orders, under penalty of *premunire*—that is, as you well know, loss of all worldly goods and imprisonment at the king's pleasure—that all persons under eighteen years of age shall take the new oath, which is drawn in far more stringent terms than the old one. By the former laws, persons of tender age were held exempt; but now, it seems, children will not be spared."

"Children cannot possibly know aught of such matters," said Shefford; "why, my little Davy might take any oath with a pure conscience."

"The Act contains something far worse," replied the Jesuit, "which will try you severely, I fear. For the reformation of married women, Popish recusants—so the Act runs—it is provided that they shall be committed to prison, and remain there until they shall receive the sacrament in a church; unless they be redeemed by their husbands, with the payment of ten pounds a month."

"Ten pounds a month!" repeated Shefford, with dismay. "I do not earn much more than that. But why this eagerness to force down our unwilling throats the piece of bread—they do not pretend themselves that it is anything more—that they call the sacrament? Can they believe that it has any virtue? If it be in very truth the sacrament instituted by our Lord, they treat it with scant courtesy!"

"Times are altered," remarked the Jesuit; "and for the worse. The ancient Church punished its erring members by exclusion from the company of believers and denial of the sacraments. The modern Church of England must have sadly departed from the faith and practice of the early Christians, when she thrusts creeds and sacraments upon us at the sword's point!"

Father Gower had concealed his few books and papers in a small cavity behind the window-seat, as he spoke; and putting on a capacious cloak, and a broad slouch hat, that nearly concealed his face, signified to his companion to lead the way.

Shefford took up the candle, and the two silently descended the creaking stairs with wary steps. He extinguished the light when they reached the ground floor, and whispering the other not to forget the key, the saddler groped his way in the darkness, and softly opened the door.

Looking out upon the street, all seemed perfectly quiet: a light here and there was visible from the adjacent windows, but the place seemed deserted. Much relieved, he stood aside while Father Gower passed out, and then reclosed the door with the same caution.

Had he waited a few moments longer, he would have seen a figure emerge from the mouth of a narrow alley close by, and follow the steps of the priest with rapid, noiseless stride;

halting when he halted, and darting forward when he quickened his pace ; now hiding in doorways, or pausing at street corners ; but ever close upon the victim's heels, and dogging him with eager pertinacity like a dark, ill-omened shadow.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.—THE ORPHAN.

ALTHOUGH no Court journal existed in those benighted times to record the doings of the narrow circle comprising the world of Fashion, it is still probable that some of the industrious scribes, terming themselves "news-letter writers," may have thought the arrival of Lord Aston at his town house in London, hard by the remains of the ancient monastery of Leaden-hall, a circumstance of sufficient importance to be noted in the weekly sheets of manuscript containing the current news and gossip of the day, which they were willing to send to anyone who felt disposed to pay for them.

Parliament had not met for the space of two years ; but the king scattered so prodigally the money of his new subjects, that it had become absolutely necessary that some measures should be taken to furnish him with the means that he considered indispensable for the due maintenance of his dignity. Much as he disliked Parliament, as an institution interfering greatly with his lofty ideas of the royal prerogative—a prejudice shared, by the way, by the subsequent monarchs of his line—he found himself unable to get on without it. It was his business to spend money, and right royally he went about that business ; and it was the bounden duty of Parliament to vote the supplies, which they ultimately did, with a very bad grace, and, in his opinion, with a very niggard hand.

Lord Aston, feeling very little interest in the dispute between king and commons, arrived only just in time to take his seat during the last weeks of the stormy and protracted session ; and having made a speech, short, but much to the purpose, on behalf of the vote, was summoned to Court to receive the thanks of his sovereign.

But the amusements that found favour in the eyes of James did not greatly please the country peer, who, although accustomed to the hard drinking habits of the age, felt shocked and disgusted with the coarse indecency that the Court exhibited.

"'Tis no place for women," said the peer, to Lady Aston ; "nor for homely men like me. It is the fashion now-a-days to decry old Queen Bess, and make the most of her faults ; yet, unwomanly as she was, her Court, at least, was sober and decorous. We saw there no ladies, well-born and of high estate, flushed with liquor, and all but speechless. And it shames me to recall how the king himself was so overcome with his potations that, essaying to

dance with one of the ladies, in no better state than he, he staggered and fell at her feet, and so was carried off to bed. I would he had left such fashions behind him when he crossed the border."

Lady Aston affected to share the very correct opinion of her lord; but did she, therefore, resign the prospect of seeing her daughters emerge from their seclusion to become the stars of a resplendent Court? Not at all; she simply bided her time, and forebore, with womanly tact, to press a request that she saw was, for the moment, distasteful to her husband.

"Children are a great blessing, doubtless," she said, thoughtfully; "but it must be allowed that they oftentimes give their parents sore trouble. I would they were happily wedded, but bridegrooms grow scarce in our county now; and where should they find suitable husbands but at Court? And you, too, are wasting your youth and beauty in our dull country home," she added to Hilda, who was sitting on a low stool at her feet; "and you are beautiful, child. How greatly you resemble your mother!"

"Did you know her?" asked Hilda, looking up at the comely face of Lady Aston.

"She came with your father to visit us when they returned from the Low Countries, shortly after their marriage. He was a very dear friend of my lord's."

"And what became of him, and of my mother?" said Hilda, eagerly. "It is strange; I never heard you mention them before."

"They are dead, my dear Hilda," said Lady Aston. "Died when you were a little thing, scarcely more than three or four years old. Poor Frank Vaughan! I remember how sanguine he was that the laws would soon be altered, and Catholics be allowed to practise their religion without hindrance. It was about the time of the Spanish invasion that he came to Aston, and talked so hopefully of the aid that Catholics would render to drive back the foreigner from our shores. He was going to arm all his tenants at his own cost, which we heard later that he actually did; and would have taken the field at their head had it been necessary. But when the Armada was dispersed by storms, and the scattered vessels had been captured or destroyed by our fleet, the poor Catholics found themselves not a whit better off, and were persecuted quite as harshly as before."

"Was he a Catholic?" asked Hilda, slowly, as a serious look overspread her countenance. "Did he suffer, too, as they do now?"

"He came of a very ancient Yorkshire family, of prouder lineage than even my lord's, whose title is but of yesterday. We heard the story only in part, and that from one of his tenants, George Reynolds, I remember his name was; he brought you to us. He could tell us only that your mother had died, and that poor Frank was lodged in jail. He escaped afterwards, and the

last news that reached us was that he had died in Flanders, whither so many of his creed escaped during the last reign."

"And all these years I have never thought of my parents—have abandoned the faith for which they died!" said the girl bitterly, while the tears coursed down her cheek. "Lived contentedly among strangers; the object of their bounty, the child of charity!"

"Hilda!" said Lady Aston, in stern surprise at this unexpected outburst.

"Forgive me, dear Lady Aston," said Hilda, her better nature abashed by the other's reproving tone. "But this is all so new to me, I feel bewildered. Yet you have taught me to regard you as my kinswoman, to call you aunt, and treated me as though I had an equal claim to your love as Philippa or Grace, that the knowledge or my abject, dependent condition comes upon me with a sense of reproach."

"I have given you, my child, a mother's love," said Lady Aston, with feeling. "I pitied and loved you for your own sake quite as much as for the memory of your unfortunate parents. But you are no poor dependant. The money that your father was able to save from his wrecked fortune he sent to us by the messenger who brought you to Aston. It was a large sum, and my lord has kept it for your marriage portion. If you would leave us you will still be rich. But never, Hilda, as you value my affection, utter such unkindly words again."

"My dear aunt," said the girl, clasping Lady Aston's neck, "let me call you so always; pardon my idle speech. I have known no parents save you and my lord; may I prove myself worthy of the love you have shown a friendless orphan who cannot always subdue the rebellious thoughts that her tongue utters, but that come not from her heart."

"I know it," said Lady Aston, kissing her tenderly; "I know it, dear Hilda. But there is an end of our quarrel. Dry your eyes and fetch your hood and cloak. We are bidden to Master Cecil's to-day, and it is high time we were on the road."

The conversation brought to Hilda's mind the recollection of Captain Burnet, but she had been too full of her own troubles to ask any question about him. He was a Jesuit, a priest of her own parents' proscribed faith, and the knowledge seemed to connect him with her history. Where was he now? Lost utterly to them, to all appearance. He had effected his escape from Ipsley. Sir John Coniers and the Sheriff had brought that news, and mightily pleasing it was to her. And with all her woman's soul glowing with pity for the unfortunate creatures that the Sheriff hunted and tortured, seeming to derive something very like real enjoyment from his occupation, she had been insensibly led to ponder upon this strangely-hated religion, wondering why it was so obnoxious to English people, and what were the doctrines that rendered it

so peculiar. It was her father's creed—that father whom she had never known; whose memory had now been so keenly revived.

But the voice of Philippa roused her from her reverie, and hastily fastening at her throat a curious-looking ornament that bore a suspicious resemblance to a reliquary, she descended to join the party below.

There was a little crowd in the street, and when she had been lifted on to the pillion—for Lord Aston was still too old-fashioned to indulge himself in the luxury of a new-fangled, cumbrous caroche—she noticed that one of the bystanders was regarding her with a look in which astonishment and fear seemed mingled. It was only for a moment that their eyes met, and when she turned to look again at the man, he was still standing in the same attitude, with his eyes fixed upon her.

The little cavalcade speedily disappeared, and the man looked about him as if in a dream; and seeing that the porter lingered at the gate, he enquired the name of the person whom he had just seen. The porter told him, upon which the stranger said:—

“But the young lady—she with the dark hair and flashing eyes—she is not Lord Aston's daughter?”

“No; that is a relative of my lord—Mistress Vaughan.”

The stranger looked so agitated and confused that the porter, imagining that he was deaf, repeated in a louder tone:—

“Vaughan—Mistress Hilda Vaughan.”

The stranger seemed to collect his thoughts, yet with apparent effort; and bending his head in acknowledgment of the porter's courtesy, slowly moved away, with face of deadly paleness, and limbs that seemed to quiver beneath him as though he had received a sharp and sudden blow.

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#### CHAPTER IX.—SAINT PAUL'S CROSS.

FATHER PAUL GOWER found it impossible to quit the saddler's roof as he had intended; a sudden and unlooked-for obstacle to his so doing having arisen. The house to which he was to have transferred himself was surrounded and searched by the pursuivants, and a priest who was lodging there narrowly escaped capture. And although a keen watch had been constantly maintained both by himself and his host, no further sign had been observed of the pursuivant and his companion. The Jesuit, therefore, determined to remain in his present quarters for a few days longer—keeping closely within doors the while, or fulfilling his perilous mission only at night-time, according to his almost invariable custom.

But Master Cuffe, although invisible, was close at hand, having taken a lodging directly facing the Golden Fleece. He was in hiding from his creditors, who had taken out a warrant for his

arrest, so he pathetically informed his host, who fully shared his virtuous indignation at the relentless sharks who, having emptied a gentleman's pockets, yet evinced a settled determination to take the balance of the debt out of his poor carcase. Master Cuffe's landlord had been in trouble himself, and entered into the plot to defy and evade the law with as much zest as if his tenant had been employed in the perfectly legitimate pursuit of cheating the revenue by smuggling or working an illicit still—things quite unknown in our orderly, pious day.

Cuffe's sole visitor was the renegade Rookesby; and the two men sat on this September evening, their evil heads close together, watching the saddler's house. At their feet was a bottle of liquor, in frequent request; for what little talk passed between them rendered their throats dry and husky; but neither the drink nor the scarcely enlivening society of his friend brought much relief to the pursuivant, who found his novel occupation exceedingly irksome and monotonous.

"If this goes on much longer," said Cuffe, yawning, "I shall hang myself to yonder beam in sheer despair. I begin to have great doubts, my worthy Jasper, that your friend over the way is a priest at all. For nearly a week I have dogged him like a second shadow, and am still as wide of the mark as ever."

"Then why, in the name of the arch-scoundrel, whose sworn henchman you are, do you not shun the liquor? Each night I have found you in your cups, blinking like an overfed owl. Your work needs a clear head and a keen eye."

"Look you, Master Jasper Rookesby, renegade Papist and betrayer of your fellows!" said Cuffe, with a threatening growl; "this spying and dodging about may suit creatures of your kidney, but, by the rood, 'tis beneath a gentleman; and but for the fear of being choused of the reward—they have played me that scurvy trick more than once—I would have denounced this Papist to the Council before now, and so ended the matter."

"Well, why not arrest him at once on suspicion?" asked Jasper, writhing at the other's rude taunts.

"Why not?" repeated Cuffe, sneeringly. "Why, because I have but your word for it that this Gower, as you call him, is a priest at all. He gives out that he is a merchant, and in good sooth I half believe him—his word is as good as yours."

Rookesby made no reply. Bitterly as he felt the insults of the brawny ruffian, whom he utterly despised, self-interest overcame his resentment. He was but an underling—a wretched tool of the officer of the Privy Council. A reward of fifty pounds was attached to the capture of a priest; and although his suspicions seemed perfectly well-grounded, they failed to satisfy Cuffe, who by this time had repented of his bargain to share with his meaner associate the promised booty.

The silence was broken by Rookesby, who had not removed his

eyes from the saddler's door, and clutching his companion's arm, he uttered a sudden cry. The priest emerged from the house, and closing the door, glanced cautiously from side to side, and then walked briskly away.

The two men started up, and were in the lane before the priest was out of sight; and taking opposite sides of the street, to keep him always in view of one of them, they stealthily followed in his wake, keeping close to the houses the while.

Unconscious of being watched, the priest leisurely proceeded in the direction of Watling-street, and crossing the broad moonlit space that extended along the western front of the metropolitan cathedral, now silent and deserted, he was about to turn off towards the Cross, when a placard, affixed to the great door, attracted his notice, and supposing it to be a copy of the proclamation recently made against Popish priests, he stopped to read it.

The honours so lavishly showered by King James had raised a storm of indignation in his new kingdom, and became a fruitful theme of ridicule. It is related that in the course of three months the dignity of knighthood was conferred upon seven hundred individuals, and more recently the new title of baronet had been created, chiefly for the purpose, with characteristic Scottish thrift, of adding to his revenue, which cost its recipients the sum of £1,095 a-piece.

The paper that the priest read with a smile of amusement was a lampoon offering to teach weak memories the art of recollecting the titles of the new nobility.

While so engaged, he was startled by the sudden appearance of a stranger, who, walking rapidly towards him, cast a hasty glance at the placard, and then turning, fixed his eyes enquiringly on the priest's face. Gower confronted him in surprise, and the man—no other than our friend Cuffe—left him without a word, and disappeared down Ludgate-hill. As the priest still stood wondering at the man's strange behaviour, a head unseen by him was slowly protruded from the corner of the building and was suddenly drawn back.

St. Paul's Cross, so memorable in the history of London, stood on the north-eastern side of the cathedral, within the angle formed by the choir and northern transept. It was a substantial edifice, of extreme ugliness, resembling a huge pulpit, surmounted by a semicircular roof, at the summit of which a large gilded cross appeared. In front, on three sides of the cross, ran a brick wall enclosing benches for the more favoured hearers; and against the side of the church were erected wooden galleries for the accommodation of ladies of fashion, who adorned the scene when any preacher of note was expected to deliver a sermon.

The priest was earlier than he had anticipated, and drawing his cloak around him, with his back to the cross, he patiently waited.



Casting his eyes upward at the tall, soaring spire, rebuilt only a short time previously, and gazing at the massive proportions of the church, at that time the most extensive in the kingdom, its past history rushed unbidden to his mind. Back to the very foundation of English Christianity he was carried by the silent eloquence of the majestic fanè. Founded in the time of England's Apostle, St. Augustine, upon the site of the still more ancient Roman Temple of Diana, the successive races that have been blended into one nationality—Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman—seemed to pass before him; the children of one common Mother; the willing adherents of that Faith which Pope Gregory the Great sent to our fathers so many centuries ago. And of all this great work, what remained? Many churches, still more monastic ruins, and a people who had stood by with sullen indifference while the ancient religion was being blotted out, and who now turned, like the adder in the fable, only to sting the hand that rescued it from death.

Within the cathedral the worshippers had shrunk into the choir, all too large for the few who resorted thither—the immense nave and glorious transepts, their purpose unheeded or forgotten, were the resort of idlers and of merchants, who chattered and bargained amid its slender columns, while the vaulted roof echoed back the cries of itinerant vendors and chapmen, who, regardless of the sanctity of the place, added to the Babel of confusion that reigned within its consecrated walls from day to day.

Almost involuntary there rose to the mind of the solitary Jesuit—one of the little band of fearless missionaries whose name will be evermore in benediction—the reproof administered to the money-changers of the Jewish Temple. The cathedral had ceased to be a house of prayer—it might not be long ere the doom of the former den of thieves should overtake it, and sweep its every stone from the face of the city that had scornfully rejected the Faith of Him in whose honour it was built.

He was roused from his meditations by the appearance of two men closely muffled in their cloaks, who, seeing him waiting there, came towards him.

"The friend I expected to meet, I think?" said one of them, with a keen glance of inquiry at the Jesuit's face. "I trust we have not tried your patience severely; but we are both strangers to the city, and had the ill-luck to miss our way more than once."

"Foster, from the north?" replied Gower. "I see I am right. But something has occurred to disturb the arrangements of which I sent you word. I go to St. Giles' myself on this occasion, and our friend Reynolds will guide you to a place of safety. You may trust yourself to his charge."

"Father Foster and I are well acquainted, seeing we have travelled together for the past two days; and we were already acquainted before, but under different names."

"Aye, indeed," said Gower.

"Yes; down in Warwickshire," replied Reynolds. "We were both captains there—he, Burnet, and I, Pouch."

"What! the unfortunate leader of the rebels? We heard a rumour that you had been executed. I am glad to welcome you in the body."

"Rumour is ever a false jade," said Pouch, smiling. "I left my rebels only in time to save my neck, for they were dispersed within a week after my escape, and was glad to come hither to London with Captain Burnet in my charge. The poor fellow who was executed was my successor in office."

"What was that?" exclaimed Burnet, as a slight scuffling noise attracted his attention.

They turned suddenly and listened; and Pouch mounted the wall and looked eagerly among the rows of benches that faced the cross, but all seemed still as death within the enclosure.

"Walk this way," said Gower. "Even these solid walls may have ears. I have a few directions to give which will not detain us long."

"I will take a look round here," said Pouch, in a whisper. "If there be anyone desirous of an interview with either of us, it would be a sore pity to baulk his inclination."

The conference of the two Jesuits was short, and, returning to their companion, who had carefully searched the spot in the meantime, without finding anything to confirm his suspicions, Gower said:—

"Now, George, do not lose your way again: show our friend the place agreed upon. Go with him, my brother; may God's protecting hand be upon you."

He watched the retreating forms of the two as they proceeded along the Chepe, past the great cross that the citizens would have demolished only a few years before but for the interference of Queen Elizabeth, who had the ancient relic carefully restored; and when they were lost to view, he crossed the road, looked anxiously round, and then started off in a westerly direction along what is now Newgate-street, walking rapidly as if behind time.

A few minutes later the ungainly form of Cuffe emerged from beneath one of the seats, and reaching the lane, he gave a low whistle, which was immediately answered by Rookesby, who cautiously approached.

"Two!" said Cuffe, holding up his fingers. "Two of them, Jasper. I could not hear all they said, but Gower has gone to St. Giles' again."

"And the other?" asked Rookesby. "We can take Gower at any time. Where has the other gone?"

"That way," said Cuffe, motioning with his hand; "and in company with a pestilent traitor who has been concerned in the risings in the north."

"Well, lose no time ; let us follow at once," said Rookesby. "Two, or perhaps three, such prizes will not fall to our lot again."

"Now, look you, Master Rookesby," said Cuffe, sullenly, folding his arms ; "you have kept me dancing attendance upon your man, Gower, for days past ; and I mean to have him first. You know nothing of the others, and I am not sure, from the little I could overhear, that either of them is a priest, as you know Gower to be. My game is Gower ; and you can do as you list."

"Cursed pigheaded dolt !" muttered Rookesby, between his teeth ; "while you have loitered chattering here, we have lost both. Better go home and get to bed, good Master Cuffe, thanking yourself for another lost opportunity of bagging fifty pounds."

"Body o' me !" ejaculated Cuffe. "None of your insolence, Popish Massmonger ! I tell you I am for St. Giles' in quest of my Jesuit ; and, if you are too great a coward to accompany me thither, I will go alone."

"And much good can you do there !" said Rookesby. "Do you think you will be able to drag the priest from the midst of his followers, who will gladly treat a pursuivant to a few inches of cold steel."

"I mean to try it, nevertheless," said Cuffe, stubbornly ; "and if you will not help me, by heaven, you shall not finger a penny of the reward."

He walked resolutely away ; and Rookesby, after a little consideration, followed, vainly trying to dissuade him from the mad folly of venturing alone into the Catholic chapel.

But Cuffe was not to be turned from his purpose. He was weary of the pursuit, and, should he fail to secure his prey, he could, at least with the aid of the spy, gain admittance, and so be able to testify afterwards that he had seen Gower officiating as a priest, which would be quite sufficient, without any further evidence, to convict the Jesuit of high treason.

Rookesby had very especial reasons for wishing to avoid the place, but, afraid of giving further offence by a useless display of opposition, he trudged along reluctantly by the side of his companion.

Passing the ancient monastery of the Grey Friars, of which a great portion was yet standing, but devoted to the purposes of the institution founded by Edward VI., since known as Christ's Hospital or the Bluecoat School, they quitted the city by Newgate, where the forbidding pile of the new prison frowned grimly upon them. As they gained the open space of Smithfield, Cuffe could not forbear another sneer at his exasperated companion as he pointed to the spot that had witnessed some of the hideous burnings of Protestants in the reign of Queen Mary. Rookesby took no notice of the allusion, and maintaining an angry silence, the bridge of Old-Bourne, with the adjacent palace of the Bishop

of Ely, were speedily reached, and they found themselves in a broad country road, with houses thinly scattered on either side.

It was considerably past midnight when they quitted St. Laurence-lane, and they paused to count the strokes as the distant church of St. Giles' slowly boomed the hour of three.

By a strange fatality the meeting of this night, or morning rather, was held in the very place wherein two priests had been arrested only a few months before. Father Gower had hired another house in the same locality, with a spacious barn attached, which he intended should serve as a chapel for some time to come, but at the last moment the owner had become suspicious of the use to which his premises were to be put, and declined to ratify the contract.

This had been known to the priest only a few hours before the time of meeting, and, unwilling to disappoint his little flock of their well-earned privilege of hearing Mass, he had determined to return to his old quarters for this occasion, leaving two or three of his trusty followers to inform the others of the altered arrangement.

Rookesby was, however, unaware of the proposed change; and naturally concluding that when the priest mentioned St. Giles' he had referred to the original place of resort, he took the path in that direction.

The house stood alone in the midst of fields, and as they reached the lane by which it was approached, they found their progress barred by a tall, sturdy-looking fellow, armed with a great club, who sternly demanded their business.

Jasper briefly explained that he was a Catholic, and had come to hear Mass, adding that his companion's conscience was sorely troubled, and that he was seeking spiritual consolation from a priest.

As the man regarded the pair with some suspicion, Cuffe sought to improve the occasion by turning up the whites of his eyes, and giving vent to a long-drawn groan, by which he meant to express deep contrition for his sins—a device probably suggested by his former intercourse with the Puritans. Jasper, who was fully conscious that it was the habit of Catholics to repress rather than to display their emotions, became alarmed, and addressing himself again to the sentinel, earnestly begged to be allowed to pass.

The watchword was demanded, and knowing no other, he gave "Gloria in excelsis Deo." That, however, was altogether wrong; but as it had been the recognised sign at their last meeting, the man told them as much; and, with evident unwillingness, finally permitted them to proceed.

The house was shrouded in darkness; not a gleam of light being visible; but Jasper, accustomed to the place, walked straight to the door, and giving a slight, peculiar knock, the two were instantly admitted, and the door was locked and barred again.

## CHAPTER X.—A WOLF IN THE FOLD.

IN the heart of the city, near the corner of a small street in Cheap-side, there yet stands a solitary tree ; an object of curious interest to the spectator. It may be passed by unheeded during the long winter ; but when cheery summer covers it with foliage, and birds twitter joyously, and build their nests amid its branches, it evokes pleasant visions of peaceful country places, purling brooks, and smiling hedgerows, and recalls dim, far-off memories of the time when London was not the arid, stony desert, the dismal brick wilderness of to-day : a time when a square foot of its surface was worth something less than a small fortune ; and men had not found it necessary to turn its disused graveyards into places of recreation.

From the window of the apartment which Hilda called her own, could be seen beyond the trim, pleasant garden that environed the house, a succession of smaller enclosures beside the dwellings of the more opulent citizens, dotted here and there with refreshing patches of green sward, and shady arbours wherein the citizen, weary of the toils of the day, could, if he were so minded, peacefully enjoy the comfort of the detestable weed, regardless of the disapprobation of King James, whose "Counterblast to Tobacco," would seem to have resulted in no other effect than to advertise his subjects of its placid, soothing qualities.

The ornament that she had worn when she visited the all-powerful Cecil, a few days previously, was in her hand ; and Mary, whose slight acquaintance with such objects enabled her to identify it as a reliquary, had described its purpose. On one side was depicted, in curious mosaic, a bird pecking at its own breast, surrounded by a little brood, who held up their beaks to catch the drops of blood that seemed to be welling from its snowy plumage. If Hilda felt surprised when Mary explained the meaning of the pelican feeding its offspring with its own blood, her astonishment was greater when her notice was drawn to the five circular pieces of crystal, arranged in the form of a cross, on the reverse side of the medallion. Beneath the centre one could be dimly seen a minute fragment of wood, with the almost effaced legend of "*Ave, bone crux*;" the others contained little pieces of linen or woollen fabric ; and Mary, devoutly kissing the reliquary, returned it to her companion, with the intimation that it held relics that Catholics esteemed as priceless, and were all but unattainable.

"How very strange that it should fall into my hands!" said Hilda. "I have always regarded it as a very singular trinket, but never till now knew its value. It must have belonged to my father ; I think I have heard Lady Aston say so. You did not know that he was a Papist, Mary?"

The girl opened her blue eyes in astonishment.

"Yes ;" continued Hilda, "like your father, my poor Mary, he suffered for his faith ; was imprisoned, too, but escaped, and died

at last in exile. But I am in hope that your father will regain his liberty before long. Do not weep: I made bold to speak to Master Cecil when we went to his house, and if Lord Aston will petition the king, Master Cecil has promised to aid us on your father's behalf. Be patient for a little while yet; and who knows but that when we return to our dear old home in Warwickshire, we shall carry his pardon with us."

Mary was full of gratitude; and drying her tears, enquired hesitatingly:—

"But if your father was a Catholic, dear mistress, why are you of a different faith?"

"I cannot tell. I know but what I have been taught. Tell me, Mary, and do not call me mistress again, but Hilda; only Hilda: tell me, what is this Popish religion that everyone seems so to hate, and why its adherents are persecuted?"

"Alack, dear mistress, I mean Hilda," she faltered; "I could not make you understand it, I fear. I am so ignorant; but I know that all English people believed it once, until our kings seized upon the Church property, and abolished the Mass. Your religion is scarcely fifty years old, and there were no Protestants to be met with anywhere until our own times. But we believe that our Lord taught the doctrines that people now call Popish; and the world had no other belief until the first Protestant came; he was called Luther, if I mistake not. But I have a book that Captain Burnet left with me, that will tell you all you seek to know."

"Oh, let me read it, dear Mary," said Hilda eagerly. "It is a strange creed, indeed, that gives its followers strength to face imprisonment and death, rather than abandon it! Where is Captain Burnet now? Lady Aston tells me that he is a priest—a Jesuit."

"Yes; it is true," said Mary sighing. "But I know not where he is to be found."

"And you knew this all the while; and yet would not tell me!" said Hilda, reproachfully. "And I suppose you have seen him saying Mass, too? What is a Mass?" she asked impulsively.

"You must ask the book," said Mary, smiling. "But we call it hearing, not seeing Mass. It is a solemn sacrifice, not a mere display."

Hilda was thoughtful for some moments, and then enquired:—

"Can you hear Mass anywhere in London, now?"

"But seldom," said Mary. "We are watched so closely by our enemies, that our priests are obliged to be very cautious: and only those known to be Catholics are admitted to the service."

"I should like to go with you, Mary, if you will let me, when an opportunity occurs. You cannot think that I would betray you!" she added, as Mary shrank back alarmed.

"It would be too dangerous," replied Mary. "I had a very

narrow escape, a little while since, at the Spanish Ambassador's chapel. A number of our people went there to hear Mass, and at its conclusion more than twenty persons were arrested as they left. The pursuivants had found us out, and set a guard round the chapel; but when the ambassador heard what was going on, he closed the door, taking all who remained into his house, and made us all sit down to dinner, waiting upon us himself with all his servants, most humbly; apologizing the while for the harsh treatment to which we were subjected. Afterwards he sent to the Lord Mayor, complaining that his house was beset; and when the men had been withdrawn, we slipped out one by one."

"What could they do if they caught me?" said Hilda. "I am known as Lord Aston's niece, and Master Cecil would, I am sure, protect me; for I am no Papist—at least, as yet. Now, Mary, dear Mary," she said, clasping the girl in her embrace, "there can be no danger to me: do not deny me this. It is not woman's curiosity that prompts the request, but a sincere desire to know somewhat of the religion that cost my parents their lives. You look upon them as martyrs; they died for what you hold to be the truth; will you then refuse to help a martyr's child to regain her lost inheritance?"

Mary was sadly perplexed, and her mind was also full of the intelligence that had somehow reached her, that one of the Jesuits, then on London mission, had appointed a meeting for the next morning at a very early hour, at a place some distance from the city, where he would hear confessions and say Mass; and that a lady, whose acquaintance she had recently made, had promised to guide her to the exact spot.

Hilda's importunity at length bore down her companion's reluctance to expose to the gaze of an unbeliever the most sacred mysteries of her creed: and so it fell out, that in the evening, a short while after dusk, the two, under an escort of some stout, trusty servitors, safely reached the widow's house at Holborn, a little distance from the Oxford-road.

The house formed a rendezvous for the scattered members of the proscribed religion, where they could always gain accurate information as to the movements and intentions of the priests, who were compelled to adopt the utmost caution and secrecy, in order to discharge their duties: so constant and zealous was the watch maintained by the emissaries of the Privy Council.

The recent proclamation, and the new measures of repression enacted by the Parliament, had rendered the Catholics more than ever desirous to avoid a conflict with the authorities; and the service about to be held was therefore to commence at an early hour—some time before dawn.

The temporary chapel was a disused loft, without door or windows, at the rear of a lonely cottage. Its sole mode of ingress



or egress was by means of a trap-door in the floor: which was only to be reached with the aid of a ladder, which, for further security, was drawn up into the apartment after the congregation had assembled.

At the further end stood a very humble altar, covered with plain white linen, without ornament; and upon it were placed a crucifix, two candles, and a book. Beside the altar sat the priest, and from time to time the people approached him, knelt by his side for a few minutes, and then returned again to their places. Seats for the congregation there were none; and Hilda, imitating the movements of the rest, found her kneeling position rather trying. But what seemed to strike her most was the absorbed, rapt expression of her neighbours, who, apparently unconscious of the presence of others, appeared to be engaged in prayer so earnest, yet so noiseless, as if the present moment were their last, and that another such opportunity might be denied them. In place of books, many held in their hands a chaplet of beads, that Hilda mistook for a necklace, with a little cross attached: and slowly as the minutes passed, they evinced no sign of weariness, but remained in the same patient, watchful attitude; their sufferings, and their weary, jaded lives, beset with peril, forgotten in the overpowering sense of their brief happiness.

And if that little band dismissed from their minds the reflection that their liberty, and possibly their lives, were endangered by their presence at that secret rite, it was that they held worldly things as naught, compared with those that affected their immortal souls: and that they held that eternal happiness was cheaply purchased with temporal affliction and loss.

A slight stir among the congregation, and their redoubled earnest attention, would have warned Hilda without the whispered hint of her friend, that the Mass was about to commence; and as the priest, habited in a white vestment, stood before the altar, the people crossed themselves: and Hilda, in a glow of excitement, almost unconsciously followed their example.

In the solemn stillness that pervaded the chapel, the priest's voice, as he recited the office, was distinctly audible. Once or twice he turned towards the people, and for a moment Hilda caught a glimpse of a face that seemed familiar to her. And then a hushed feeling stole over them, and the priest's voice had sunk to a mere whisper, as he leaned over the altar; and Hilda, watching with keen intensity the unfamiliar rites, saw the celebrant kneel for a moment, and then elevate something white and gleaming above his head; and filled with awe, her feelings seemed to overcome her, and with a sob, she bent her head in lowly adoration.

What it was that caused her involuntary burst of emotion, she could not explain; and while the people silently crowded round the altar, she knelt in the same attitude of prostration, lost to

every sense, save that she was in a Presence unknown to her till now, and that thrilled in every fibre of her agitated frame.

A noise, a slight commotion at the lower end of the apartment, recalled her partly to herself: shouts were heard below; the trap-door was suddenly raised, and some men went hastily down: and then all was quiet again.

She looked round for some explanation, but the Mass had now ended, and the congregation rose slowly to their feet; and then she observed that the simple furniture of the altar had been removed, and all that was left to remind her of the strange scene she had just witnessed, was a rough-looking table, that appeared to be nothing more than a carpenter's bench, before which the priest stood, clad in a plain black cassock; while a torch, held by someone at his side, threw a faint and wavering light upon his face.

He addressed them in few simple words, exhorting them to embrace every opportunity of frequenting the sacraments, reminding them of the solemn account that each must give, one day, of neglect of the ordinances of the Church; entreating them to labour, as far as lay in their power, to reclaim those who had wandered from the fold; and finally blessing them all, in accents of solemn fervour, adjured them to pray without ceasing for the peace of the Church. There was no useless repining at the injustice with which they were treated; no display of resentment towards their persecutors; but an air of patient endurance and placid courage, that indicated more powerfully than mere words could express his confidence in the justice of their cause, and an assurance of its ultimate, however distant triumph.

As Hilda listened, she was reminded of something she had read, or heard, of another little remnant of persecuted disciples, who met together by night in an upper chamber, having the doors closed for fear of the people. The scanty and imperfect religious teaching that she had received, had made but slight impression on her mind: it had never touched her heart. The sole dogma of the reformed religion was, that Popery was wrong. She had witnessed the highest and most solemn rite of that mysterious creed: but it seemed real; to have some definite purpose in it; and appealed even to her untutored comprehension with a power and authority, before which the chilling monotony and dreary, soulless religion of the State, seemed to crumble and fade away.

And as she watched the gentle, earnest face of the priest, there came upon her a feeling of strange attraction towards him; a yearning desire to throw herself at his feet; to kiss his hand. She recognised him as the individual who had watched with wild, almost terrified look, at Lord Aston's door a few days since. And as she gazed, spellbound, it seemed as though his eyes were even now fixed upon her.

A pause followed when he ceased; and a man whispered has-

tily a few words in the priest's ear, causing him to raise his hand as if entreating their attention.

"It is a calamity to which we are always exposed," he said, "that news of our meeting should occasionally reach the ears of those in authority. Below stairs, at this moment, are two agents of the Council: but they are in the hands of our friends. Some of you may be recognised upon leaving: let me, therefore, recommend you to conceal your faces as closely as possible; but omit not to take note of these two men. The precaution will be useful, if you should chance to meet them again."

Hilda was among the last to leave; and as the priest stood near the ladder, he looked steadily at her. Mary had asked his permission for Hilda to be present; and thinking she detected some sign of displeasure in his eye, she again spoke to him with a little trepidation, telling him the name and condition of the strange member of the little congregation. He simply bowed, and turning his head aside, said in a low, constrained voice: "We shall meet again, dear child, I trust. God grant it in his unutterable mercy!"

The two men to whom he had alluded, were, of course, none other than our friends Cuffe and Rookesby. Upon their admission to the house, they saw by the light of a small lamp that the chamber in which they stood was tenanted by three powerful-looking men, of very determined appearance; one of whom again demanded the password: and the moment Jasper had uttered it, the man who had been about to lead the way to the chapel, stopped and looked keenly at the faces of the two newcomers.

"That was the word when the two priests were taken," he said to his companions, who silently grasped their staves. "How comes it, friend, that you know of this meeting, and are yet ignorant of the sign by which we distinguish friends from foes?"

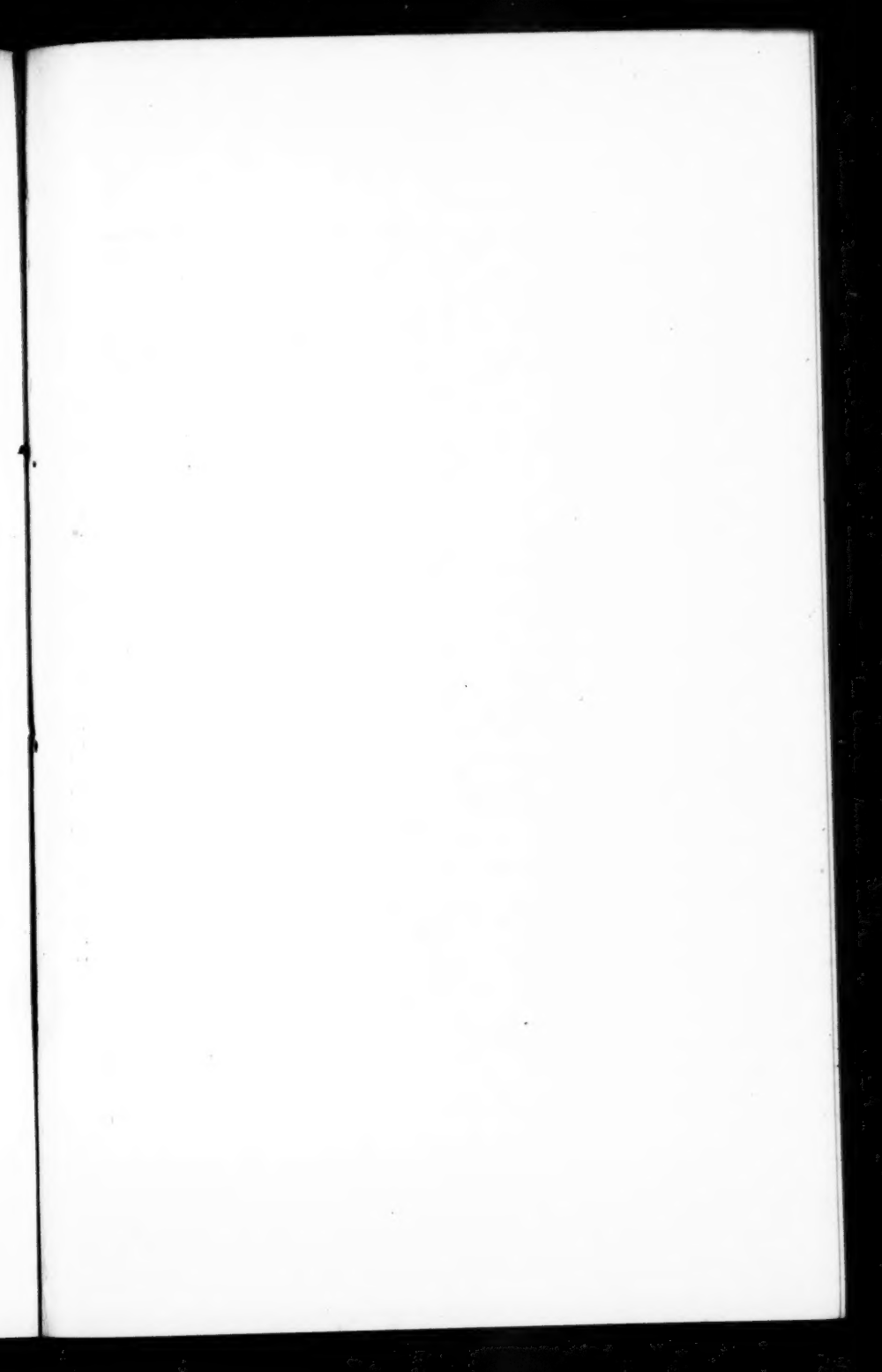
Jasper was slightly embarrassed at this challenge, but replied with apparent frankness:—

"I had news from Father Gower himself of this meeting; but neglected or forgot to ask him for the password. But he knows me well: take me to him, if you have any doubt."

He said this with a little more boldness; for feeling satisfied that Mass had now commenced, he was well aware that it would be impossible to interrupt the priest in the midst of the service.

"Wait here an instant," said the man who had spoken: and leaving them abruptly, he darted down the narrow passage at the end of the room.

Cuffe was seriously alarmed, and eager as he had been to enter the place, fear for his own personal safety rendered him still more desirous of getting out again. He knew very well that his office would fail to protect him from condign punishment at the hands of the men he had come to betray; and although priests





I shall know you again, young lady ; so stare your fill. — *High Treason*, page 311.

never resisted capture, he could not answer for similar passive dispositions on the part of their flock.

"We are lost!" he whispered to Rookesby. "That fellow has recognised me: I saw it in his eye. Look to yonder door: close it, and prevent these fellows from summoning their companions, while I unfasten this bolt. Quick!"

The two men had been keenly watching the movements of the pursuivant, and as Jasper rushed to the door communicating with the interior of the house, one of them suddenly swung his staff in the air, dealing a heavy blow, which brought the unfortunate spy to the ground; and while Cuffe was fumbling at the bolts in the uncertain light, the other pounced upon him and enfolded him in an embrace that seemed like an iron band. Cuffe struggled and kicked with fury, and being of powerful build and great strength, contrived to loosen his captor's hold, and with a violent wrench slipped from his grasp. But the alarm had been given, and several others, full of consternation at the unexpected intrusion, hurried to the assistance of their friends, and, notwithstanding his desperate resistance, Cuffe was overpowered by numbers, and lay gagged and bound at their feet. They lifted up the still insensible form of Rookesby, who was instantly recognised, although his wretched calling was yet unknown to those who wonderingly scanned his pale and blood-stained features.

As the terrified members of the congregation slowly passed out, Cuffe regarded them with looks of fierce resentment; and when Hilda, with her hood thrown fearlessly back, paused for a moment to cast a look of pity on the prostrate forms, he thought to himself, for speech was impossible with the gag bound fast between his teeth:—

"I shall know you again, young lady; so stare your fill. I would drink to our better acquaintance, if these knaves would suffer it."

Rookesby had by this time recovered consciousness, and when the shrouded form of the priest at length stood before him, he strove to hide his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

"You have made a sad mistake here," said Father Gower. "This is Jasper Rookesby: one of our own people. How did this come about?"

"There is no mistake at all, sir," gruffly replied one that stood by. "He brought hither Master Cuffe, the pursuivant—that fellow there. Master Cuffe and I are old acquaintances. We have met before in the Clink prison, where he sought to add an inch or so to my stature, as he told me, by hanging me up by the hands."

"A pursuivant!" said Gower. "And in company with Rookesby. Will you explain the meaning of this?" he inquired, looking narrowly at the spy.

"It needs no words," said the first speaker, as Jasper silently hung his head. "And now I think of it, Master Rookesby was

here when the officers last visited us ; and I have often marvelled how he effected his escape on that occasion. 'Tis plain as broad daylight that he has betrayed us to the Council, and the presence of yonder pursuivant is ample proof of his treachery."

The Jesuit left the room, sadly shaking his head ; and a short whispered colloquy ensued, at the conclusion of which the eyes of both prisoners were bandaged, and Cuffe, expecting death every moment, found himself borne along in the arms of three men, who carried him to a considerable distance and then left him.

It was not until morning was far advanced when the two friends were discovered in their ignominious plight by some labourers, to whom they related a rambling story of having been set upon by cutpurses, severely maltreated, and left for dead.

With dejected looks, and filled with savage thirst for vengeance upon those who had not only escaped, but also rendered them objects of ridicule, they slowly took the road back to London.

Later in the day Cuffe returned to the cottage, with a strong body of followers, and although they searched the place with the utmost care, their labour was in vain—the Papists had vanished without leaving a single trace of their unlawful proceedings.

(*To be continued.*)

## LIMERICK.

THE historic city of Limerick derives its name from *Luimneach*, the ancient appellation of the Lower Shannon. In a poem composed upon the death of St. Cummine Foda (A.D. 661), whose remains were conveyed from Munster up the Shannon to be interred in his episcopal church of Clonfert, the word occurs in the following passage :—

"The *Luimneach* did not bear on its bosom of the race of Munster into  
Leath Chuinn.

A corpse in a boat so precious as Cummine, son of Fiachna. . . .

I sorrow for Cummine, since the day his shrine was covered ;

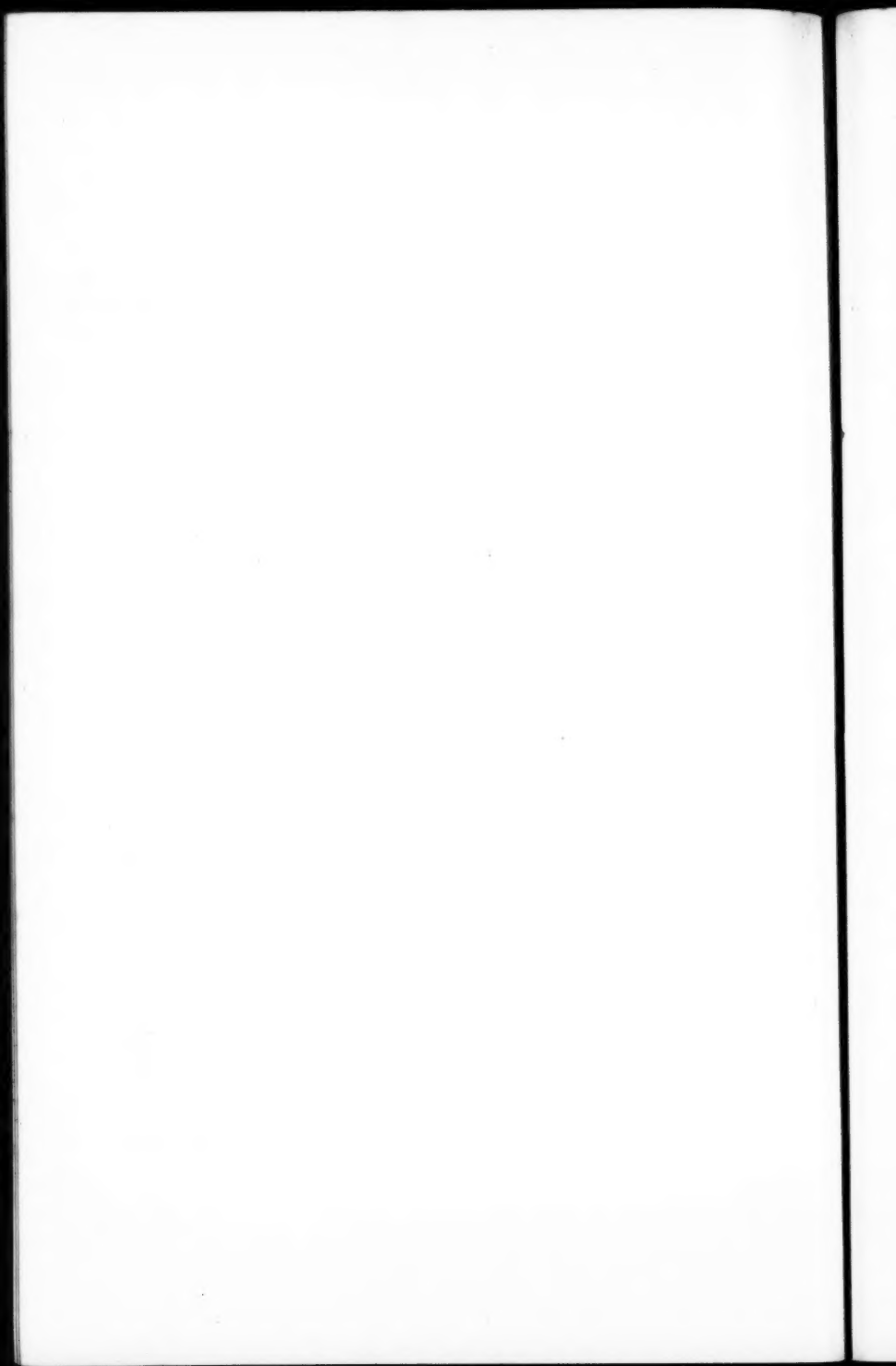
My eyelids have been dropping tears since the lamentation at his barque."

In the Annals, the term *Luimneach*, is applied to the city of Limerick, from the period of the earlier Danish incursions, when it became a principal station for the pirate galleys of the Northmen. From this point their fleets swept the Shannon, and thus they were enabled to devastate and plunder, almost with impunity, the shrines and monasteries in the adjacent country. In one of their predatory expeditions, A.D. 843, we find that "the Forannan Primate of Ard-Macha was taken





KING JOHN'S CASTLE, LIMERICK.



prisoner, with his relics and people, by the foreigners, and carried to their ships at Luimneach."

After the overthrow of the tyrant, Turgesius, the Irish princes relaxed their efforts with the first success gained over the Northmen, and the latter, deemed no longer formidable, were suffered to retain possession of several of the maritime towns. Thus we read of Amlaff, the son of the King of Norway, ruling in Dublin, while his brothers, Sitric and Ivar, held respectively the cities of Waterford and Limerick. Even during the reign of Brian, by whom the Danish power in this country was ultimately annihilated, the Northmen, when expelled from the islands in the Shannon, were permitted to remain in Limerick upon condition of paying an annual tribute to the Irish monarch. Ware mentions some of the Ostmen who presided over the See of Limerick, viz.:—Harold, A. D. 1151; Torgesius, who assisted at the Synod of Kells, A. D. 1152; Briccius, one of the prelates from Ireland, who was present at the Council of Lateran.

After the munificent grant made by the monarch, Muircheartach O'Brien "of the City of Cashel of the Kings, to the religious of Ireland for ever," Limerick became the seat of royalty of the Princes of Thomond. In 1101, Donnell MacLoughlin having disputed the claim of Muircheartach O'Brien to the sovereignty of Ireland, the latter led an army to the north, and having demolished the ancient stronghold of Aileach, ordered that in every provision sack a stone of the ruined fort should be conveyed to Limerick.

At the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion, upon the arrival of Henry II., Donnell O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, repaired to Cashel, and having done homage, made formal surrender of his city of Limerick to the English monarch. He soon repented of his premature submission, and realizing the danger of his country, flew to arms, and inflicted a severe defeat on the army of Strongbow, at Thurles. This exploit roused the spirit of other native princes. Strongbow, who had taken refuge in Waterford, instantly despatched messengers to Raymond le Gros, then in Wales, beseeching his aid in the emergency, and promising him the hand of his daughter, Basilia. Raymond, responding to the summons, soon landed in Ireland, and with a strong force advanced against Limerick. Forging the Shannon, he led the assault in person, captured the city, and delivered it up to pillage.

Raymond being soon after summoned to Normandy, was preparing to sail, when news arrived in Dublin that the Norman garrison left in Limerick was closely besieged by the indomitable O'Brien. Speedy succour was implored, whereupon the Royal Commissioners ordered Raymond to return. Upon his approach O'Brien raised the siege, and took up a position near Cashel, to await the enemy. In the encounter which followed, the army of Thomond having been worsted, O'Brien and Roderic

O'Connor entered into negotiations with the English. Meantime, while Raymond was absent in Munster, Strongbow had died in Dublin. The news of her brother's decease, which it was of the utmost importance to keep secret, was conveyed to Raymond in a metaphorical despatch from Basilia, stating "that her great tooth, which had ached so long, had fallen out," and prayed him to return as speedily as possible. Raymond, unwilling to weaken the force at his disposal by leaving a garrison in Limerick, made a formal application to Donnell O'Brien to take charge of the city for the English monarch. The Prince of Thomond courteously assented to the proposal; but when the last of the Norman troopers had recrossed the Shannon, the bridge was broken down behind them, and the city committed to the flames, O'Brien having resolved that "it should never again be made a nest for foreigners."

Donnell O'Brien subsequently repaired the damage, and, in spite of the grants made by Henry II. to the Norman adventurers, retained possession of the city. On the site of his own palace he erected the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, and made sumptuous grants to its clergy, and to Briccius, then Bishop of Limerick. After the death of this chivalrous Irish prince, the Anglo-Normans regained possession of the city. King John entrusted Limerick to William de Burgh, who erected the castle, whose massive cylindrical towers and gateway are characteristic of the fortresses built by the Normans at that period.

In later and darker centuries the city of Limerick became associated with imperishable memories in the mournful history of the Gael. Needless to recall the days of the Cromwellian visitation, and the heroic stand made by the Irish garrison of Limerick against the forces of the merciless Ireton. While Death, in his most hideous form stalked through the streets of the city, crowded with the victims blasted by his pestilent breath, the Cromwellian foe, with fire and steel, girt the doomed ramparts. But the garrison, under the gallant soldier that held the shattered walls of Clonmel in the teeth of Cromwell, animated by the presence of O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, who, with the heroism of his race, exalted by the sanctity of his vocation, passed constantly from the hospital to the breach, administering the last consolations to the dying, and rousing by his example the defenders to enthusiasm, held Ireton's troops at bay, till, in the darkness of night, treason, which lurked at the gate, gave admittance to the foe. Ireton would be revenged on the patriot prelate, whose devotion had protracted the defence. From the midst of the dead and dying, the bishop was dragged before the bloody tribunal of the ruthless Cromwellian. Unappalled, he listened to the sentence of doom, then confronting Ireton with majestic mien, in prophetic words of solemn warning, he summoned the tyrant to appear, within a brief time, to answer for his crimes at the judgment-seat of God. The following day the prelate

was led to execution. He died with the fortitude and devotion of a martyr and a patriot. Advancing to the scaffold amid the armed escort of Cromwellian troopers, "his step was as steady and his bearing as erect as either could have been on that memorable day when he followed the trophies of Benburb to St. Mary's Cathedral. On reaching the foot of the gibbet he knelt and prayed, till he was commanded to arise and mount. He obeyed, seized the rungs with vigorous grasp, and turned round as if anxious to ascertain whether any of the citizens had ventured abroad to witness his death-scene. Having satisfied himself that a few of them were present and within hearing, he exhorted them to continue true to the faith of their fathers, and hope for better days, when God would look with mercy on unhappy Ireland. A few moments more, and his soul was with the just."\*

Eight days later Ireton caught the plague. In the first delirium of the fever, the words "blood! blood! I must have more blood!" were constantly on his lips. As the hour of dissolution approached, the scene became yet more appalling. Writhing in the agonies of death, the unhappy man, in paroxysms of terror, wildly and piteously besought his attendants to hide him from the murdered prelate, whose spectre, looming beside his couch, summoned him to judgment.

The ever-memorable defence of Limerick in 1690 forms a glorious chapter of Irish history. The victor of the Boyne, at the head of 38,000 troops, having in vain beleaguered the old ramparts of the town for eighteen days, was compelled to retreat, after the humiliation of witnessing 10,000 of his chosen veterans driven from the breach, where the devoted women of Limerick had stood foremost in the danger of the combat.

A year but elapsed from the time of that memorable siege, when the reverses which fell in rapid succession upon the Irish arms, the capture of Athlone and the disaster of Aughrim, brought the Williamite forces once more before the walls of Limerick. It was the last stronghold held by an Irish army, and Ginkell, the Williamite commander, resolved that its reduction should terminate the war. The Duke of Tyrconnell had already despatched messengers to James II. at the Court of St. Germain, informing him of the hopeless condition of affairs in Ireland, requesting either speedy succour, or permission for the Irish commanders to treat with the enemy on honourable conditions. The viceroy had barely completed the first preparations for the defence of Limerick, when he was carried off by a stroke of apoplexy. The defence of the city devolved upon D'Usson and Sarsfield. Ginkell meantime had planted his batteries, and a fire from seventy large guns, including nineteen mortars, rapidly spread havoc and conflagration in the town. Entire streets were reduced to ashes.

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\* "Irish Hierarchy in the Seventeenth Century."

Through the treason of an officer of the Irish horse, the enemy were suffered to throw a pontoon-bridge across the Shannon, and Ginkell, sending over a large force, succeeded in cutting off the communication between the town and the Irish cavalry stationed on the Clare side of the river. The following day the fort which protected Thomond bridge was carried, and as the Irish were retreating before overwhelming numbers into the town, the French officer in charge of the Thomond gate, fearing the enemy might enter with the fugitives, unfortunately drew up the draw-bridge, leaving the Irish at the mercy of their foes. A scene of fearful carnage ensued. The enemy allowed no quarter, and the massacre proceeded till the corpses were piled to the level of the parapet of the bridge.

That night, at the council of war held in the city, it was decided that to prolong the defence was useless, all hope of the long-expected aid from France having vanished. The next day the drums of the garrison beat a parley. The enemy agreed to a truce; negotiations were opened and hostages exchanged. In a few days the articles of capitulation were drawn up. They consisted of a military and a civil treaty. The terms were honourable to the garrison. The civil treaty granted to their Catholic fellow-countrymen such privileges in the exercise of their religion as they enjoyed in the reign of Charles II., also security of their estates and property. Two months from the date of signature that treaty was openly violated by the English justices.

The evening of the capitulation, the English infantry took possession of the Irish town. The castle and the English town were reserved for the Irish troops till, according to the stipulations of the treaty, the transports would be in readiness to convey them to France. Some days later the garrison marched out with military honours, and drew up on the Clare side of the Shannon. The Irish troops were required to choose to accept free passes from Ginkell and return to their homes, to enter the Williamite service, or volunteer for France. Of the infantry, 2,000 returned home, 1,000 passed into the Williamite army, the remaining 11,000 and the whole of the cavalry elected to embark for the Continent. They sailed from Cork and Limerick, and on their arrival in France, were honourably received and enrolled in the service of the French monarch. Their subsequent history is epitomized in the touching lines of Davis:—

"In far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,  
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."

## GLEANINGS FROM IRISH LITERATURE.

MILTON, who says that "to produce true poetry, the writer must be a true poem," has assigned the highest place in literature to composition in verse; and this idea has been expressed by Anthony Trollope in a late essay, in which, contrasting poetry and prose, he says:—"By the consent of all mankind, poetry takes the highest place in literature. The nobility of expression, and all but divine grace of words which she is bound to attain before she can make her footing good, is not comparable with prose. The writer of poetry has soared above the earth, and can teach his lessons as a god would teach." There may be as much beauty in the thoughts of the prose writer, but the poet evolves them in the divinest words, the divinest music. Many of the themes of oratory are of the highest order, but the forms of speech and song make all the difference.

It was once said that eloquence was the distinguishing characteristic of the genius of Celtic France: and the same has been said of that of Ireland. In pulpit eloquence France still remains unrivalled. No other country can show an array of names as great in this department as those of the great classic period—Bossuet, Massillon, and others which will occur to the reader. It is, on the other hand, in political and forensic oratory, illustrated by Burke, Grattan, Curran, Plunket, Sheridan, O'Connell, Shiel, that Ireland has produced the most splendid effusions. Burke's style, whether in speech or writing, is remarkably copious, expansive, and strong; while Grattan, above all other orators in modern times, realizes the French idea of eloquence, as "logic on fire." Burke excels in description, instances of which may be adduced from many of his writings—such as the well-known passage in the *Reflections on the Revolution of France*, in which he depicts his recollections of Marie Antoinette in her youth, with the noble comment on the degeneracy of the chivalrous spirit, which follows. His most splendid speech is that on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts. Among its shining passages are those in which he alludes to the great utilitarian works of the old princes of Hindostan: "Those were the works of real kings, testators to a posterity which they embraced as their own"—and that still grander passage, epic, in its terrible vigour, in which he describes the descent of Hyder Ali on the plains of the Carnatic.

Lord Brougham has remarked that the great value of Burke's writings is not in their logic, but in their detached views. He was an universalist who delighted in the acquisition of all species of knowledge, and from a full mind originated novel views and illustrations. No other oratory so abounds in ideas as that of Burke; he is alike eminent in dissertation and description. In some writers the words are weaker than the thoughts—*sæpe solent ramos*



*frangere poma.* In that of Burke the eloquent language is as potent as the ideas.

The approach of the Moore Centenary recalls the poetry and prose of one of our most classic writers. In Moore's songs nothing can surpass the appropriateness with which sentiment accords with simile. His language is everywhere pure and choice, without being picturesque. It is often said his songs were written for the drawing-room, not the cottage; but any cottager who can read can understand his songs as easily as a penny ballad. They do not, to be sure, deal with the feelings and manners of the rural population like those of Burns; but as "one touch of nature makes the whole world akin," those of Moore should have also their universality.

In his poetry, as in his prose, it is in the employment of metaphor and comparison that Moore is chiefly distinguished. As a critic has remarked, if imagery were the chief excellence of poetry, he would be the greatest of writers. The habit of producing short exquisite poems, seems to have interfered with the power of giving dramatic animation to, and breaking up his descriptive prose into masses of light and shade. But as far as writing correct and elegant English is concerned, Moore's prose remains a classic exemplar of scholarly refinement, brilliancy and taste. Turning to his lyrical writings—by-the-way, it was his habit to compose his songs in bed of a morning, or when seated at his piano, just as Curran composed his fine eloquent passages with his violin in his hand—one is struck with the exhaustless versatility of fancy and sentiment which he embodied in the finest collection of lyrics in any language. "He is, at least," says Lord John Russel, "our greatest lyrist." His range of subjects are the emotions of love, sorrow, festive feeling, patriotic sentiment—all which are evolved with versatile grace. His best and most finished songs are those in which he pursues the regular principle of adapting a sentiment to a comparison, or illustrates a sentiment by one, or by a metaphor. Some half-dozen of Moore's songs are among the few perfect things in literature. The language is clear; but he never paints, never uses a pictorial word, thus showing some deficiency of the imaginative faculty, whose presence is always manifested in the colour or picturesqueness of the language. Take one of Moore's most characteristic songs or passages, say:—

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,  
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;  
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,  
To sit in the roses and hear the birds' song.  
That bower and its music I never forget,  
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,  
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?  
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?"

"No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,  
But some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they shone,  
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave  
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,  
 An essence that breathes of it many a year ;  
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,  
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer !"

These verses are perfect ; and even more complete and exquisite than the *Birds' Song* in Tasso. Compare them with, perhaps, the most exquisite few lines in Shelley :—

" Music, when sweet voices die,  
 Vibrates in the memory.  
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
 Live within the sense they quicken.  
 Roses, when the rose is dead,  
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;  
 And so the thoughts when thou art gone,  
 Love himself will slumber on."

And we see the difference between the most perfect art of the song-writer and the finest poetic treatment.

In his "*Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*," Moore has displayed his eminent talents as a controversialist ; and in his "*Memoirs of Captain Rock*," we see him treating the political condition of Ireland with rich humour and irony. The latter is a very brilliant Irish book, abounding in innuendo and satire, and enlivened almost as much by witty illustration as his poetry with exquisite comparisons, images and metaphors. Anecdotes and good things culled from his studies in classic and modern literature are neatly set in its pages to illustrate and enliven them. The spirit of patriotism animates the whole. In short, he has put all the attributes of Irish character into this satirical brochure, from which, as a specimen of his prose, we extract the following fine passage, in which he recalls the hopes with which the Irish people were animated by the Revolution of 1782—the most complete, successful, and glorious, which distinguishes the history of any ancient or modern nation :—

"When I contemplated such a man as the venerable Charlemont, whose nobility was to the people like a fort over a valley : elevated above them solely for their defence ; who introduced the polish of the courtier into the camp of the freemen, and served his country with that pure Platonic devotion which a true knight of the times of chivalry proffered to his mistress—when I listened to the eloquence of Grattan, the very music of freedom : her first fresh matin song after a long night of slavery, degradation and sorrow—when I saw the bright offerings which he brought to the shrine of his country—wisdom, genius, courage, and patience, invigorated and embellished by all those social and domestic virtues, without which the loftiest talents stand isolated in the moral waste around them, like the pillars of Palmyra towering in a wilderness !—when I reflected on all this, it not only disheartened me for the mission of discord which I had undertaken, but made me secretly hope that it might be rendered unnecessary ; and that a country which could produce such men, and achieve such a revolution might yet, in spite of the joint efforts of the Government and my family (*i.e.*, the Rocks), take her rank in the scale of nations and be happy."

In Moore's "*Life of Byron*," he adopts the modern fashion of letting the personage illustrate his life by his letters. The "*Life of Sheridan*" is a more brilliant performance. Moore has depicted the wit, dramatist, orator, and politician in a congenial spirit. When the work came out, critics considered its style too

brilliant for that of biography. The efflorescence of imagery it displayed was new in this species of composition. They looked for a statue of Hyperides in clay, and "Anacreon Moore" produced one in marble, finished *ad unguem*, and with all the embellishments which love of the subject deemed suitable. It contains many sound political dissertations and reflections, and many eloquent sketches of contemporary characters; among them, that of Edmund Burke, which has never since been equalled. In referring to the two periods of Burke's political life—his early career, when he was the greatest genius who ever sustained the Whig party; and his second period, when the excesses of the first French Revolution led him to speculate on the future of a state of liberty with such a *facilis descensus* into license—speculations since historically realized—and impelled him to throw the whole force of his mind upon the subject of the conservation of future society, alluding to the change produced by contemporary events in France on the opinions of Burke, Moore says:—

"He has attained in the world of politics what Shakspeare, by the versatility of his characters, achieved in the world in general—namely, such an universality of appreciation, that it would be difficult for any statesman of any party to find himself placed in any situation for which he could not select some golden sentence from Burke, either to strengthen his position, by reasoning or illustration, or adorn it by fancy. Burke was mighty in either camp; and it would have taken two great men to effect what he, by this division of himself, achieved. His mind, indeed, lies parted asunder in his works, like some vast continent severed by a convulsion of nature—each portion peopled by its own giant race of opinions, differing altogether in features and language, and committed in eternal hostility to each other."

Grattan has been called "the poet of Irish politics;" so may Burke be named the philosopher of universal politics—the science of power and government; the system of the principles and problems of national and social liberty, and of stability. Like Bacon, he took "all knowledge as his empire," brought all his acquirements to bear upon his theme. His first writings are a text-book of liberal ideas, his second of conservative. Terrified at the excesses of the French Revolution, the result of conditions long crisifying; of enlightened principles misunderstood, and acted on by ignorance; he set himself to arrest the ruin which threatened civilization itself, and by checking the wild course of French democracy, to save England and Europe. The cannon of young Napoleon cleared the chaos for a time, but the *armamentaria cæli*, the intellectual weapons which can be utilized to neutralize the possibility of future popular excesses, are to be found in the later writings of Burke, who employs the experience of the past as a guide to the future. Kant says, "that the genius of Italy resides in the leaves; of Germany, in the root; of England, in the fruit"—Southern efflorescence, patient analysis, and the practical spirit, respectively. As an illustration of the latter, the orator Burke is a true descendant of the utilitarian philosopher, Bacon.

N. W.